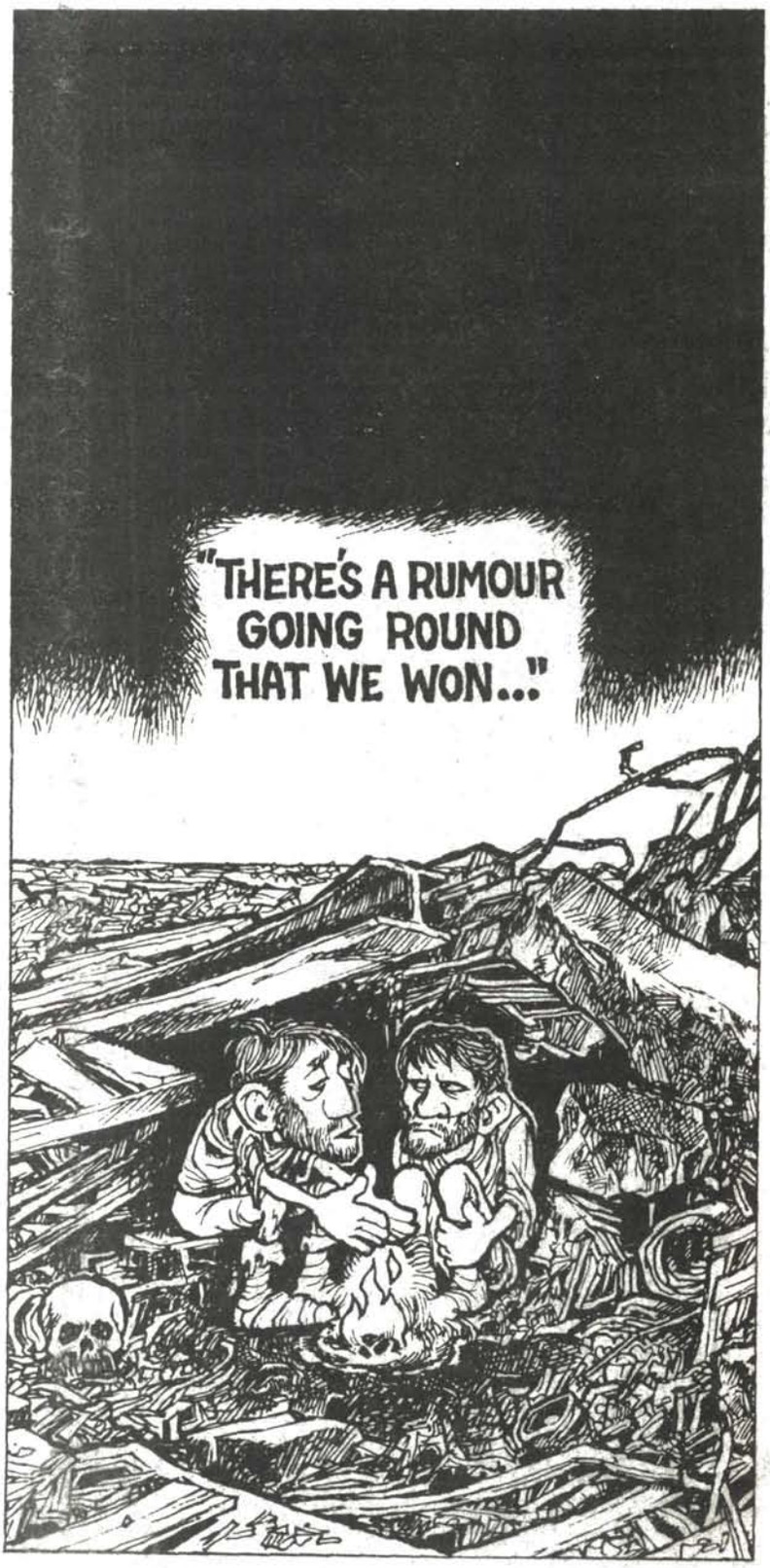
New Statesman

24 June 1983 65p IR 94p US$1.50 By Air

E. P. Thompson

Peace movement priorities during the next five years



PLUS:

Barbara Castle thinks positive for Labour

Godfrey Hodgson on Zbigniew Brzezinski

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1983 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £29, Overseas £32
Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £39, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

Unsolicited manuscripts will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

Cover drawing: detail from a cartoon by Ron Cobb

Prospects for peace
E. P. Thompson shakes the election rubble from the peace movement p.8

Martin Rowson
continues his monthly series of the lives of the Great Socialists p.10

On the attack
Barbara Castle thinks positive for Labour p.11

Grand vizier
Godfrey Hodgson on Zbigniew Brzezinski p.22

Fish soup
John Coleman on the new Monty Python p.28

Next week

G. F. Newman writes about the closed and secret world of doctors
Martha Gellhorn, the veteran American war correspondent, looks at President Reagan's 'quagmire' – El Salvador
Patricia Hewitt on the Australian Labor Party's years in the wilderness

News: Secret US bases; anti-abortionists' smear campaign; Railton Road; Colin Roach; Lee Jeans; Tory in trouble; British Telecom; victory for tenants pp.4-6
Peter Kellner: Are there really 8½ million socialists in Britain? p.7
Sarah Benton: Star turn p.12
Caroline Berman: Fly-by-nights p.14
Diary: Brian Sedgemore p.15
Roger Woddis p.15
Claudia Wright: Arms and the US-Israeli connection p.16
John Palmer: After Stuttgart p.18
Gunter Minnerup: East German peace struggle p.18
Joe Hanlon: Another Beirut p.19
Bretécher p.20
Letters p.21
Sarah Benton: Women and peace p.23
Alistair Elliot: Poem p.24
Mervyn Jones: *Partisan Review* p.24
Grace Ingoldby: Fiction p.25
Shorter Reviews p.26
Bob Woffinden: TV News p.27
John Spurling: Art p.29
Hugo Williams: Television p.29
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre p.30
Anna Coote: First Person p.31
Weekend Competition p.32
Crossword p.32
Listings p.35

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

LIVING WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS

THE HARVARD NUCLEAR STUDY GROUP:
Albert Carnesale
Paul Doty
Stanley Hoffmann
Samuel P. Huntington
Joseph S. Nye, Jr.
Scott D. Sagan

WITH A FOREWORD BY DEREK BOK

June 1983, £9.95
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1W 9SD

The Falklands/Malvinas Conflict:
A Spur to Arms Build-ups

by J. Goldblat and V. Millán

June 1983 66pp Paper ISBN 91-85114-308 £2.50 $4.00

– What happened in the South Atlantic in April-June 1982?

– What were the weapons deployed and used in the Falklands/Malvinas war?

– What were the losses sustained by either side?

– What were the costs and other consequences of the war?

These questions are answered in a concise study published in June 1983 by the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI).

sipri **Bergshamra, S-171 73 Solna, Sweden**
Cable: Peaceresearch
Telephone: 08-55 97 00

RECEIVED
AUG 22
Ambassador College
Library

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman Vol 105 No 2727 24 June 1983

Answers please, Mr Lawson

Britain's on the right track.
Don't turn back. (Tory election poster)

IN ITS FIRST term in office, the Thatcher government seemed able to achieve the politically impossible over its economic policy – to fool all (or almost all) of the people all of the time. The implied claim during the election that the government had stuck resolutely to the course mapped out in 1979 and that the British economy was still on track for a sustained recovery was a claim of stupendous impudence.

The facts are clear enough. The Prime Minister and her Treasury team took office in 1979 committed to an absurdly simplistic economic nostrum. It had been culled and only half understood from the theoretical work of the economists Milton Friedman and Friedrich Hayek. All they had to do, they thought, was to slow down the rate of growth of the supply of money and bank deposits in the economy and two things would follow as night follows day. First, the rate of inflation would fall and, then, sustainable economic recovery would take place spontaneously. They believed that the time-lag involved in this process could not be accurately predicted, but would be round about 18 months. They supposed that unemployment would rise substantially above 1 million and accepted that this was a price worth paying in order to 'beat inflation'. They never spelt out the mechanism by which this economic miracle was to come about. The nearest they came to suggesting one was at those moments when they seemed to be endorsing the theory of 'rational expectations' – the theory that, if the government made it absolutely clear that it intended to reduce inflation in the economy to single figures, everyone would adjust their own economic behaviour accordingly in expectation of what was about to happen.

Within little more than 18 months the laughable theory behind this policy had been exploded. With the exception of Professor Minford at Liverpool University no academic economist of any standing now even tries to continue to defend it. The leading lights of the London Business School, who had given the theory much early intellectual respectability, publicly recanted. Even the Treasury and the Bank of England were forced to admit that it was impossible to achieve the government's targets for control of the money supply, so they were restated on an entirely different basis. All that was left was a dogged Chancellor of the Exchequer, doggedly intoning in budget speech after budget speech that his medium-term financial strategy was still on target. In a curious way, the fact that his theoretical arguments had been destroyed and that all the empirical evidence was against him was his best defence. For since the academic economists were clear that there was nothing further to argue about, they stopped attacking him. He was left free to continue to assert that economic policy was still on track; that it was the right track; and that There Is No Alternative.

It would be comforting to believe that, while the government appears to have been able to fool most of the electorate and the media for four years about the economy, it cannot do so much longer. This week, however, has not been encouraging in that direction. The lowest annual inflation figure for 15 years was blazoned across front pages as the clearest proof yet that Thatcheromics were working. The government propaganda machine made sure that it was hailed as a magnificent achievement. No one seemed interested in pointing out that the lowest inflation figure for a decade and a half was marching hand in hand with the highest unemployment figure for four and a half decades, and the lowest rates of growth, the lowest level of investment and the worst performance on trade in manufactured goods since the war.

TWO TRUTHS ought now to begin to dawn on the British electorate. The first is that Mrs Thatcher's monetary economics was a fraud. The bogus theories presented as a new way to run the country were nothing more or less than a cover for a deliberately engineered recession of massive proportions, whose political purpose was to reduce inflation as an end in itself, overriding all other economic considerations, and to weaken the trade union movement. The second is that, far from making British industry fitter and more efficient, the last four years have weakened it and in many areas inflicted irreversible damage.

But how can these truths be exposed to people in the street? Perhaps the best way would be to set a series of tests by which the government's continuing economic policy should be judged. The electorate in 1979 was told in effect that there would be a period of austerity – 18 months, perhaps two years – after which we should be in an expanding world of new economic realism. Most independent economic forecasters (and the Treasury model itself until tampered with by Ministers) were highly sceptical – and they were right. In this election we have been told that the breakthrough has taken rather longer and required rather greater sacrifice than was expected, but now we should be on our way.

So at regular intervals now the new Chancellor of the Exchequer should be asked the following questions. Are we still on the right track if inflation is beginning to rise again, or real interest rates to go up (despite the fact that we are still gripped by recession), or our balance of trade continues to deteriorate (even though the economy is at half throttle), or the underlying rate of unemployment fails to turn down, or if the exchange rate for the pound falls below $1.50? Above all he should be asked, if the purpose of these years of self-inflicted misery was to produce at the end a more competitive and viable British industry, how is it that productivity is no longer rising?

If over the next year and a half Mr Lawson still cannot give positive answers to these questions, perhaps it will finally be clear to everyone what an unmitigated disaster this whole last phase of British economic policy has been. □

New Statesman

We are sorry, but in order to continue to produce larger and better issues the cover price of the *NS* will have to be increased from next week, Friday 1 July, to 70p (IR £1.02). The US dollar price will remain at $1.50. For regular subscription rates, see opposite.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MoD discovers new US base in Britain

FOR THE THIRD time in a year, the Ministry of Defence appears to have been unaware of US plans to construct military bases in Britain. Late last week, Ministry of Defence spokesmen firmly denied any knowledge of a plan to build a wartime-only hospital at RAF Locking, close to Weston super Mare. The US Navy will spend $6 million on the base; construction will take place in 1984 and 1985. But late last week, the Ministry of Defence said that there were definitely 'no plans for a US Forces base at Locking.

On Tuesday this week, however, after they were given details of a US Congress hearing at which the Locking base was described, the Ministry admitted that there were 'plans for a prefabricated US Navy hospital' at Locking. There was, it was then claimed, no discrepancy with their previous answer. Locking was not officially defined as a US 'base'. It would come into operation, if required, for wartime contingencies, the US Navy added.

The plans were revealed in a hearing of the US Congress Committee on Military Construction Appropriations, published last month. Locking, a 'Prepositioned Fleet Hospital', was one of five new overseas bases the US was planning in the next three years.

The new US Navy Fleet Hospital will join several other US medical facilities in Britain planned for wartime use only. Just two years ago, the US Air Force set up a 1,000 bed hospital at RAF Little Rissington, Gloucestershire. Other British bases hold US Air Force wartime medical stockpiles.

When details of the US government announcement were provided to the Ministry of Defence, they still maintained last Tuesday that they were unaware of the plan. Their response suggests either that US plans for military expansion in Britain are poorly co-ordinated with the British government, or that consultation takes place only after full plans have been drawn up.

Last December, the *Guardian* revealed that an emergency underground headquarters for the US European Command was to be built at High Wycombe US Air Station. For three days, the Ministry and 10 Downing Street denied any knowledge of the project. Then they admitted that the war HQ, which will cost NATO well over £10 million, was indeed to go to High Wycombe.

In April, the *New Statesman* revealed details of a $2 million US Air Force Military Airlift Command 'European Distribution System' centre to be built at Prestwick airport, near Ayr. Embarrassed Scottish Office and Ministry of Defence officials maintained that there had been no discussions and that there were no plans for military developments at Prestwick. Shortly after, the US Air Force cancelled the plan for developing Prestwick, and withdrew their request to the US Congress for funds.

The embarrassing and sudden cancellation of the Prestwick plan was never fully explained. South Ayrshire's Labour MP George Foulkes said he found it 'almost beyond belief' that a foreign power could apply for funds to start military construction in Britain 'without the knowledge and consent of the British government'. Now, it appears, they are doing just that once again.

Duncan Campbell

Brixton peace holds

BRIXTON's fragile peace between police and the 'Front Line' has been shored up following two tense meetings about the future of Railton Road.

At the 7 June meeting of the Lambeth police consultative meeting, Chief Superintendent Speed had given a paper on Railton Road, traditional home of many black and unemployed people, and focus of clashes between police and the black community. After acknowledging that a new policing strategy in the area had improved relationships there and 'greatly reduced' the tension between police and Front Liners, Speed then reported that those relations had begun to deteriorate.

He pinpointed the need for Lambeth council 'to proceed promptly with their task of re-possessing premises at 56 Mayall Road and 121 Railton Road and thereby remove the obvious uncertainty which exists with regard to these "symbolic" premises'. The houses are run as unofficial drinking and gambling clubs.

The young black people at the consultative meeting had reacted angrily to the paper, both because of its overall stress on a rise in lawlessness and because they believed the police had leaked it to the press. A report of Speed's paper had appeared in *The Times* the day before the consultative group met to discuss the paper.

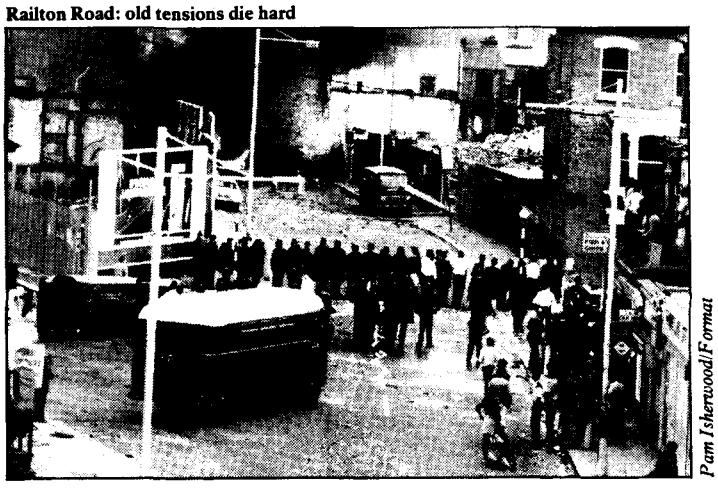
Because of the anger, a further unofficial meeting was held the following Friday with the police. Black residents said they did not find the groups of young people gathered on the street threatening, and both the council's principal race relations officer, Phil Sealy, and Commander Alexander Marnock acknowledged the symbolism of the clubs. They are seen as places where black people can go to smoke, drink and play dice but because they are not licensed the users are vulnerable to police action, unlike wealthier white people who do the same things in West End clubs or their own homes. Police see the clubs as centres for drug dealing and trouble.

Although Speed's paper had stressed the need for the council to act quickly to repossess the two clubs, the council had already, on 16 May, gained a Possession Order for 56 Mayall Road. It seems very unlikely that the police did not know this. The council is offering Mr V. Samuels, who runs the club, alternative premises and is also offering to back an application from him to run the new premises as a club. The premises are in Canterbury Crescent, the road beside the police station.

Despite the criticisms of what seemed the police's pre-emptive action, some sort of peace was restored with police assuring the meeting that they did not intend to harass cannabis smokers and dice players, or send in the district support unit. The new policing strategy is built on the appointment of seven police officers as the area's community police force.

Hal Austin

Railton Road: old tensions die hard



Pam Isherwood/Format

SPUC leaflet disowned by church

DESPITE an eve of poll smear campaign by local anti-abortionists, Dr Maurice Miller retained the East Kilbride constituency for Labour on 9 June.

The Society for the Protection of Unborn Children had quizzed four of the candidates (they omitted the Communist) on the subject during the third week of the campaign. The replies were printed in a leaflet headed 'We are not telling you how to vote, but it's essential for you to know candidates' views on abortion.'

The leaflet was circulated outside Roman Catholic churches on Sunday, 5 June and distributed to homes in the New Town during the final days of the campaign. Dr Miller, however, angrily denied the views ascribed to him and produced a copy of the replies he had made, signed by a local member of SPUC, as proof that his views had been distorted.

The Catholic Church in Scotland immediately dissociated themselves from the leaflet, agreeing that Dr Miller's views had been distorted. The Church said that while they are in favour of SPUC's aims, 'the ends never justify the means.' The secretary of the local branch of SPUC, Mrs Evelyn Loughran, said: 'We felt Dr Miller had not really answered the questions and we felt it necessary to interpret his answers.'

The vast majority of Catholics in the west of Scotland have traditionally voted Labour, and the leaflet, which devoted more space to Miller than to the three other candidates combined, was clearly designed to influence the Catholic vote.

Dr Miller's majority was reduced by about 10,000 which is largely attributable to boundary changes. However, senior members of the local Labour Party are convinced the leaflet cost them several thousand votes.

A threat by SPUC to obtain an interdict (Scottish equivalent of an injunction) to prevent the *East Kilbride News* carrying the story proved empty.

John Toner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unanswered questions in Roach inquest

IT WAS THE coroner's summing up and instructions to the jury rather than the verdict of suicide itself that caused the inquest into the death of Colin Roach to end in uproar on 20 June. After three hours deliberating, an eight-to-two majority found for suicide, and one juror, a middle-aged woman, was in tears. 'You gave them the verdict,' Mrs Roach shouted at Coroner Chambers as the decision was announced.

During the first five days of the hearing Dr Douglas Chambers appeared liberal in his interpretation of the coroners' rules by allowing Michael Mansfield, counsel for the Roach family, time to examine witnesses in detail. In summing up he negated the inconsistencies that Mansfield's questioning had revealed by refusing to accept that if the police were not telling the full truth it was relevant to the death of Colin Roach to ask what they were leaving out and why.

In his summary – in an inquest the only one, as lawyers are not allowed to address the jury on the evidence – Chambers stressed the scientific findings and accounts by officers immediately involved but discounted what he called 'negative evidence'.

This left unresolved the areas of doubt that had led many people attending the inquest to expect an open verdict:

- The failure to connect the gun with Colin Roach. No finger prints or fibres from his bag or towel were found on the gun nor did the CID make a single enquiry in the area as to how the gun came into his possession.

- The early identification of the body was weak enough to suggest that the police knew who he was. DC Smales caught a fleeting glance of a black youth getting out of a yellow Mercedes and then claimed to recognise Colin Roach by his features, though his face was disfigured by the shotgun wound.
- Colin's parents insist the police only told them of the death four hours after the shooting.
- No police officers took notes that night.
- The senior investigating officer could not name one of the four detectives unaccounted for in the half hour before the incident.
- Neither the independent nor the police pathologist could adequately explain the position Colin Roach ended up in.
- Colin's behaviour on the day, while unusual, was not thought to be suicidal by any witness.
- The police accounts of the finding of two spare cartridges in the pocket of Colin Roach's jacket at the post mortem are contradictory.

To judge by the reaction in the court, by suppressing all evidence against the police in his summing up Dr Chambers increased the impression that something was being covered up in the police station on the night of 12 January. Because so many inconsistencies were not dealt with, the suspicion that Colin Roach may have been murdered – rather than that there had been incompetence or malpractice at the police station – was fed. The inquest procedure itself ensured there was no chance of finding out.

Rosalind Bayley

MISCELLANY

Rupert's new boy

Even senior executives at the *Sunday Times* were taken by surprise on Tuesday when Frank Giles, the present editor, announced that his successor was to be Andrew Neil of the *Economist*. Giles, who will now take the preposterous title of 'editor emeritus', described Neil as a man 'of whom I know naught'. One go-between in the affair seems to have been the ITN newscaster Alastair Burnet, who was Neil's patron when the pair of them were at the *Economist* together; Burnet is now a director of Times Newspapers. As for Rupert Murdoch, he was apparently impressed by Neil's evangelic interest in cable TV, an obsession Murdoch shares. We shall watch the *Sunday Times*'s coverage of the subject with interest.

Toadies in the hole

Here is this week's initiative test. Imagine that you are a leader-writer on a tabloid that has sold its soul to Margaret Thatcher. The PM fails to get the £800m refund which she has demanded from the EEC. Her performance is, in fact, a floperoo. What do you do?

That was the question tormenting the seedier end of Fleet Street this week, after Wonderwoman's *débâcle* in Stuttgart. The *Daily Mail* (whose editor, David English, was knighted by Mrs Thatcher) took the easy way out by maintaining a complete editorial silence on the matter. The *Daily Express* (whose editor, Larry Lamb, was knighted by Mrs Thatcher) was more ingenious: its editorial on Monday agreed that 'the half a loaf we have won is not the whole loaf we expected', but it quickly added: 'Not that the sums involved are all that massive. Four hundred and fifty million pounds represent less than half of one per cent of our gross national product. Of course we would much rather have it than not. But it is a great pity that the leaders of Europe should spend days haggling over such matters . . .' Ah yes, of course. By Tuesday, no doubt inspired by the *Express*'s logic, the *Sun* felt able to address the subject. It agreed that the half-a-loaf was 'disappointing', but it was eager to explain that this was no reflection on Our Leader: 'Britain's partners ganged up against her at the Common Market summit. With odds stacked at 9-1 against, any gains won by Margaret Thatcher were a triumph.' This is now a hot contender for our Micawber Prize for Optimism, neck and neck with Tony Benn's cheerful assertion that Labour's election result was astonishingly good.

Fast and loose

Talking of the *Sun*, we liked the ringing certainty with which it began its leader on the Colin Roach verdict: 'Colin Roach was a pitifully disturbed youngster who took his own life. That is the unanimous verdict of the inquest jury . . .' Since when has an 8-2 verdict been unanimous?

Fighting talk

The army has just produced a new list of lectures and film-shows which can be provided on request, and which are aimed largely at schoolchildren. The list makes fascinating reading, not least because of the description of 'audience types' for each talk. For example, Major P.G. Aston's chats about 'Revolution and Terrorism' and 'Urban Guerrilla Warfare' are suitable for pupils of any age. The same goes for lectures on 'Operations in

County Fermanagh' and 'Rural and Urban Operations in Northern Ireland'. But some subjects are more delicate. Brigadier J.H. Skinner's talk on 'Defence of Central Europe and Use of Nuclear Weapons' is given only to 'University, School Teachers, Sixth Forms, Clubs', while two lectures by Lt Col D.M.O. Miller ('Strategic Nuclear Warfare: The Weapons Systems and Their Uses' and 'Strategic Factors Affecting a Soviet Attack on Western Europe') are fit only for university students and 'mature Sixth Form'. Most interesting of all is Lt Col Hellberg's talk about 'Falklands War "Logistics" '. This, so the army says, will be delivered only to 'more informed audiences'.

Out to lunch

After Clive Jenkins jumped the gun by announcing Michael Foot's resignation, there were reports that the Labour leader was furious with Jenkins. If there was any such row, it has certainly been healed with impressive speed: last week Foot and Jenkins were observed spending a most friendly evening together at the cinema, watching *The Ploughman's Lunch*. At least they were luckier than Paul Johnson: having heard that he made a fleeting appearance in the film, Johnson went to see it a couple of weeks ago. Alas! The projector broke down after an hour, before Johnson's brief cameo, and the audience were sent home.

Cheese role

As proposals for a nuclear freeze gain support in the United States, the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, the American equivalent of Aldermaston, has hit back with a nuclear cheese. Livermore's test director, Russell Rossman, explained everything in the 18 May edition of the Lab's *Weekly Bulletin*, describing 'a Lab-designed nuclear explosion, code-named Crowdie', which blasted a 1,280-feet deep hole in the Lab's test site at Yucca Flats, Nevada, on 5 May. He added: 'In recent years nuclear tests have been named after cheeses. Crowdie is a semi-hard, full cream, fresh Scottish cheese made on country farms by adding a curdling agent to tepid milk taken straight from the cow, according to the *World Atlas of Cheese*. After the curd forms, it is drained for several hours in a colander before being mixed with cream and a little salt.' Scrumptious. It's worth noting that Livermore also arranges tests for Britain. Could it be that the unspeakable Lymeswold is actually Britain's independent deterrent?

King and country

Tom King's arrival at the ministry of transport is good news for rail fans, because it means that Serpell's wilder fantasies are unlikely to be implemented. Why? Because one of the stations recommended for closure in Serpell's dreaded 'Option A' is Chippenham, which just happens to be round the corner from Tom King's house.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Market collapse defeats Lee Jeans women

Tessa Howland/IFL

THE FUTURE of the former Lee Jeans factory in Greenock – the scene two years ago of the famed sit-in by women workers – has again been thrown into doubt following the collapse earlier this month of Inverwear, the company formed to run the factory after the sit-in. While there is some hope of the business being bought and at least some of the remaining 82 jobs being preserved, there is no prospect this time of any industrial action to save jobs.

On the eve of the general election it was revealed that Inverwear was going into liquidation with large debts that it could not pay. Since then intensive discussions involving the company's managing director Robert Charters, the receiver Bill Brownlie, Inverclyde District Council and a new unnamed 'off the shelf' company have been taking place. The new company is understood to be arguing for substantially more than the minimum three months rent-free accommodation usually provided in these circumstances by the district council. Negotiations were continuing this week and the matter is likely to be put before the full district council meeting next Thursday.

Although the 1981 sit-in undoubtedly saved the Greenock factory, the number of jobs provided has been drastically reduced and the viability of the jean-making business has become very shaky. At its peak under the multinational VF corporation the factory employed 240 workers, most of them women. After the sit-in the number was reduced to 140 and three months ago the workforce was cut to just 82, all of whom have been made redundant in the last couple of weeks.

In 1981 it was the guarantee by the London-based retail outlet Dickie Dirts to buy 10,000 jeans a week that was a crucial factor in ensuring the continuation of work. A year later Dickie Dirts went bust and Inverwear had to slim down and move to smaller premises owned by Inverclyde District Council to avoid collapse. The final blow came more recently when GAP Fashions of Leicester, who bought 7,000 jeans a week, went into receivership owing Inverwear £70,000.

Helen Monaghan, the trade unionist who has entered Scottish folklore as a result of her organisation of the original occupation, now says that there is no chance of resistance from the workforce. She points out that last time they were fighting the callous decision of a multinational to pull out of Greenock when a viable business still existed there. Now, with the demise of two major customers, there was nothing they could do other than sit on their hands in frustration and await the outcome of negotiations. 'You can't get blood out of a stone,' she said. 'If the market is not there, we can't bring it back.'

Rob Edwards

New boy sued in old row

ONE OF the new intake of Thatcherite Tory MPs is already in trouble with some of his constituents. Terry Dicks, victor in the West London seat of Hayes and Harlington, where the Labour vote was split between sitting SDP defector Neville Sandelson and a left-wing challenger, is being sued over alleged defamatory comments by two local solicitors.

The two, Tim Rose and Desmond Wright, employees of Hillingdon Legal Resources Centre, a free legal advice service, have issued writs against Dick and the printers and publishers of a local newspaper, the *West Middlesex Express*. According to the paper Dicks suggested in a speech that the solicitors were encouraging homeless families, who were refused housing by the council, to change their stories so that they could get a house.

The alleged defamation was part of a long-running battle between Dicks, who is also housing chairman of Hillingdon Council, and the law centre over the council's attitude towards the Housing (Homeless Persons) Act.

Dicks, a proud member of the 'radical right', first made a name for himself in 1978 when he dumped a Malawian family on the steps of the Foreign Office after they had arrived at Heathrow and asked to be rehoused. He claimed that Foreign Office officials were encouraging families to leave their homes to seek a new life, and house, in Britain.

Since then he has continually attacked the Act as discriminating against the 'indigenous' homeless. But his campaign for a change in the legislation has met with no success and, indeed, Hillingdon has twice lost appeals to the House of Lords for refusing to rehouse immigrant families.

However, he has continued to interpret the Act as strictly as possible. Many families have been told they were 'intentionally' homeless and all Heathrow cases are heard by a special panel consisting of himself and council leader John Watts. The minority Labour group has been refused representation on it.

The council's and the panel's activities have been opposed by the Legal Resources Centre, which has built up a dossier of cases since it was set up by the Labour GLC in 1981, replacing an earlier law centre closed by Hillingdon's Tories for being too 'political'.

The centre says that Hillingdon are flouting the government's own guidelines for carrying out the Act but Dicks has been contemptuous of the centre, dismissing them as 'Labour party supporters.'

Patrick Kelly

Messages for Mercury

BRITISH Telecom is hitting back at the engineers who plan to boycott the connection work between Mercury's private and BT's public telecommunications lines. It has issued staff with sheets of counter-propaganda.

Mercury, a consortium of Cable & Wireless (40 per cent), BP (40 per cent) and Barclays Merchant Bank (20 per cent), is BT's only licensed rival on the public telecommunications networks. It hopes to sell high-speed data transmission to businesses, although BT already offers the service. It has so far waited three months for the interconnection between its own and BT's lines to be made at its new Covent Garden headquarters. BT committed itself to the principle of interconnecting Mercury's lines in an agreement signed last November.

Last week BT tried to pre-empt its engineers' actions using its own brand of gentle persuasion. 'By agreeing to interconnect we reduce the risk of Mercury developing its own networks,' says BT. It argues that its own networks are greatly under-used, that Mercury will contribute to its revenue and that industrial action will lose BT the good will of the business. It calls the action 'a futile effort to deny Mercury up to 3 per cent (that's all it is) of our business'.

It now seems BT is waiting for its message to sink in before it summons up the courage to order the engineers to do the work.

The Post Office Engineering Union (POEU) has told its members not to connect Mercury's lines with BT's network. Their action is just part of a larger campaign of industrial action which will happen when the government re-introduces the bill to privatise BT.

Only one of Mercury's five distribution centres in London is yet open, and it is offering a minimal service in the City. It only has a few customers, one of whom is its part-owner, Cable & Wireless. Its network, which would run along railway lines, is scheduled for completion in 1985 but it has not even ordered the fibre optic cable for this job.

Caroline Berman

Tenants beat the system

IF LAST Monday's *World in Action* programme on the Bison building company galvanises local councils into concerted action the tenants will be very pleased – but they will also feel that it is their campaigning over the years which has forced the Bison housing system into the public eye.

Bison sold their system-built, prefabricated flats to at least 50 councils. But the flats have been plagued with structural defects, dampness and high heating costs. About 70,000 flats have been sold and it is where the tenants have organised – Manchester, Nottingham, Barnet, Hillingdon, Newcastle, Oldham and West Smethwick – that councils are considering demolition of the flats.

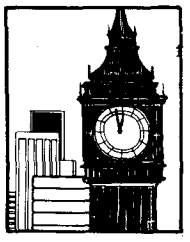
Now a national organisation of Bison tenants has been formed (NABT) and it has launched a 16-point charter. Their key demands include: 'All Bison flats should be demolished once it is established that they have structural problems, dampness problems, high heating costs or cause ill health to tenants.' They also demand that central government provide extra finance for councils to demolish Bison flats and replace them with council housing.

NABT spokeswoman Polly Griffiths said the organisation's immediate aim was to involve all Bison tenants in campaigning. They then wanted the councils which bought the Bison system to work with each other. 'They have remained pathetically isolated, often squandering money on useless remedial works,' she said. If councils co-operated, they could pressure the government jointly for extra finance.

Despite the failure of much systems-built housing, the blocks can still be a source of profit. A number of private building companies are considering buying derelict system blocks in the hope of getting them very cheap then doing them up for resale.

Roger Critchley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Are there really 8½ million socialists in Britain?

ACCORDING TO Tony Benn we got the election all wrong. By 'we' I mean political commentators. In last Monday's *Guardian* Mr Benn wrote that we allowed 'one important result' of the election to pass 'virtually without comment'. What we had omitted to point out was the fact 'that for the first time since 1945, a political party with an openly socialist policy has received the support of over 8½ million people. This is a remarkable development by any standards and deserves some analysis.'

Indeed it does. Does it mean that 8½ million people voted Labour *because of*, or *despite*, the party's socialism? Would a more whole-hearted endorsement of a purer kind of socialism have won more or fewer votes? Is the lesson for the next five years that an appeal to the electorate rooted in 'true' socialism has secured 8½ million votes at its first attempt (and that this number is bound to rise) – or that Labour's programme deterred millions of past Labour supporters, and risks alienating millions more? As Mr Benn says, it deserves analysis.

Mr Benn has no doubts about his conclusions. Given the obstacles placed in its path, 'it is . . . astonishing that socialism has re-appeared once more on the national agenda and has won such a large vote . . . The 1983 Labour manifesto commanded the loyalty of millions of voters and a democratic socialist bridgehead has been established from which further advances in public understanding and support can be made.'

If Mr Benn is right, then the fact that Labour won just 28 per cent of the vote two weeks ago – and the support of just one adult in five, taking the electorate as a whole – need not cause too much alarm, let alone provoke a major reappraisal of Labour's policies. Most manufacturers launching a new product in a crowded market would be well satisfied with that sort of share on a first outing.

The 'socialist' interpretation of Labour's election performance can go further. Labour's vote has declined at almost every election for 30 years. However, in past elections Labour merely offered what was, in Mr Benn's words, 'in essence an SDP policy statement which commanded the support of the present SDP leadership'. This political stance, the argument runs, has long since failed the tests of both practical application and popular appeal. It did not prevent Labour from presiding over rising unemployment in the mid-70s, or from grovelling to the IMF; nor did it arrest Labour's long-term electoral decline.

From this it logically followed that a radically new set of policies was needed. These, according to the Benn thesis, were the policies on offer two weeks ago. And the discovery Mr Benn appears to have made is that as many as 8½ million people embraced those policies. Labour may have been reduced to the support of its loyal, 'core' voters; but these seem to demand true socialism with an enthusiasm that the media would have you believe did not exist. From this line of reasoning flows the next inexorable step in the argument: for Labour to return to the failed political strategies of the past would be suicide; only by retaining this new-found socialist fervour can the party hope to rediscover its roots, rekindle hope among working people and win the next election.

I HOPE I have summarised fairly the views of Mr Benn and his co-thinkers, for this is an argument of which we shall hear much in the coming months. If the argument is valid Labour would be crazy to discard the political strategy enshrined in the party's manifesto; but if the argument is wrong, Labour would be crazy not to.

Well, before we dive for the trenches from which the next round of party battles will be fought, let us take one last look at the charred remnants of this last election battleground and inspect the evidence. On 23 May, roughly halfway through the election campaign, MORI asked a sample of more than 1,000 people about their attitudes to a series of policies. In its poll (for the *Daily Star*) MORI first asked whether respondents themselves supported or opposed each policy; MORI next asked them which party, they believed, proposed each one. Five of the policies were taken from Labour's manifesto. Analysis of MORI's findings according to the party allegiance of each respondent is now available. These are the percentages *of Labour supporters* who (a) supported each proposal, and (b) knew it was Labour policy:

- **Introduce import controls:** 66 per cent supported it; 47 per cent knew it was Labour policy.
- **Cancel the decision to buy the Trident nuclear missile system:** 54; 56.
- **Take Britain out of the Common Market:** 53; 75.
- **Borrow money to finance expansion of the economy:** 48; 54.
- **Remove the power of the House of Lords to delay or veto decisions of the House of Commons:** 39; 48.

It is possible that both knowledge of and support for Labour's policies on these issues among Labour voters increased in the last fortnight of the campaign, but all the evidence I have seen suggests that Labour's image, even among its own supporters, grew weaker rather than stronger as the campaign progressed.

It may be the fault of the media; or of shadow cabinet members who were less than wholehearted in their enthusiasm for the manifesto; or the fact that Labour went to some pains not to hold a single press conference to proclaim the party's determination to withdraw from the Common Market. But the facts remain that, whatever the reason, Labour's 8½ million votes did *not* reflect massive popular enthusiasm for the party's manifesto. A more realistic estimate would be that something like half Labour's support came from people who more or less understood and supported Labour's radical prospectus, while the other half voted Labour out of a mixture of habit, loyalty, general social concern and dislike of the Tories.

(Gallup's election day survey for the BBC supports this general thesis. Labour supporters were asked: 'What would you say is stronger – your *like* of Labour or your dislike of the Conservatives?' Thirty-three per cent said 'like of Labour' while 54 per cent said 'dislike of the Conservatives'. In 1979 those figures were almost exactly reversed. Of course, 'dislike of the Conservatives' does not preclude support for Labour's policies; but it remains hard to crank up the figure for those who fit Mr Benn's paradigm of the Labour voter to more than half the 8½ million total.)

There are two things this analysis does not – cannot – prove. It does not prove that a more convincing campaign rooted in Labour's manifesto would *not* have secured more votes. Nor does it prove the opposite – that a more right-wing campaign *would* have won the election. The might-have-beens of politics can be debated, but never definitely settled.

We can, though, look at the facts as they are, and seek to draw sensible conclusions. One set of facts suggests that part of Tony Benn's thesis is right: the particular form of revisionism that Labour tried to implement in the 1960s and 1970s turned out to be neither successful nor popular; the party needed a new direction. But the new direction offered in this year's party manifesto – which was, more than any previous manifesto, an assembly of left-wing policies adopted by successive party conferences – has turned out to be a vote-loser on a massive scale. Labour undoubtedly needs to forge a new kind of vote-winning radicalism. The starting point must be a sensible interpretation of this month's election result. Mr Benn is absolutely right to say it 'deserves some analysis'. It's a pity his own analysis is so utterly wrong. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The might will return

E. P. Thompson looks back on how the politics of peace and nuclear disarmament fared during the election campaign and analyses its prospects

WHAT HAPPENED to the peace movement in the election? There are still one or two lessons from those cruel weeks to be scored in our memories.

The election was a setback for the peace movement, but not a defeat. Joan Ruddock was right to insist (at CND's post-election rally in Wembley on 12 June) that there is no way in which the results can be held to be a mandate for the introduction of cruise and Trident. Across the whole country, and most of all in Scotland and Wales, if one collects into one lump the votes for parties opposing Trident and supporting a 'freeze' – Labour, Liberal, SDP, SNP, Plaid Cymru, Ecologists, etc – then there was a clear peace majority.

The question of cruise missiles is more confused. The Liberal Party conference in 1981 voted firmly against cruise, but this fact was carefully hidden from the British public during the election. But many Liberal candidates were loyal to the conference decision, and some campaigned actively for it. So far from this being a disadvantage, it appears to have given heart to Liberal activists and to have been welcomed by the electorate.

At least two of the Liberal gains were made by candidates actively associated with the peace movement. Yeovil was won by Paddy Ashdown, the mover of the 1981 conference anti-cruise motion, who (while not a member of CND) has been willing to speak on CND platforms. And the surprise victory in Leeds West was won by Michael Meadowcroft, a Liberal with little time for the SDP, and a strong and unequivocal peace campaigner.

Many results showed that identification with the peace movement was no electoral disadvantage whatsoever. Both Plaid candidates who were returned in North Wales (Dafydd Wigley and Dafydd Elis Thomas) are not only active peace campaigners, but also took a public and principled opposition to the Falklands War. And in other constituencies huge majorities were heaped up for competing peace candidates: for example, Carmarthen, where the Labour winner (R. G. Thomas) and Gwynfor Evans of Plaid divided over 30,000 votes between them.

Far more often, across the whole country, the division in the peace vote allowed the Tory to get in. Take the Calder Valley in West Yorkshire. Here, CND conducted an exceptionally active campaign, with leafleting throughout the constituency, advertising in the local press, and with by far the largest public meeting held in the constituency during the campaign. Yet the Calder Valley sent a member to Parliament to swell Mrs Thatcher's majority.

What happened was that the peace vote was cut cleanly down the middle. The Liberal candidate – a CND supporter and mayor of Halifax, who had had the courage to take the chair at a CND meeting at the height of the Falklands War – conducted (his own supporters said) a low-profile campaign on peace issues, whereas the Labour candidate (who addressed CND's public meeting) brought the issues firmly forward. The result showed D. Thompson (Con) 24,439; D. T. Shutt (Lib) 16,440; and Ms A. Holmes (Lab) 15,108 – a Tory majority of 7,999 but a peace majority of 7,109.

IT WILL NEVER be known how much tactical voting took place across the country. In my own estimate (and I was speaking at meetings in many places) there was a 'popular front' tactical surge in the last three days, which may have cut a point or two off the Tory lead and ensured a few marginal Liberal and Labour returns. But the position was confused by opinion polls (was the SDP 'surging ahead' or not?) and by the lack of clear indications as to the tendencies in particular constituencies.

It is my impression that Labour voters, especially in the South, the West and in rural constituencies, were more generous in passing along an anti-Thatcher peace vote to Liberal candidates than Liberals (and certainly SDP) were in passing votes to Labour in return. An interesting case was the Isle of Wight, where the sitting Liberal MP, Stephen Ross, held his seat by a slender margin and was facing a strong Tory challenge. When I visited the island a month before the election I found the CND supporters were in a quandary, since Mr Ross was equivocal on the question of cruise missiles, whereas the Labour candidate (of the Militant Tendency) gave CND her vocal support. In the event the result read thus:

1983		1979	
S. S. Ross (Lib)	38,407	Ross (Lib)	35,889
Mrs V. Bottomley (Con)	34,904	Con	35,537
Mrs C. Wilson (Lab)	1,828	Lab	3,014
B. McDermott (IWRP)	208		
Lib Majority	3,503		352

(IWRP, I find, stands not for the International Workers Revolutionary Party, but for Isle of Wight Residents.)

But the membership of the island's CND is well over 1,000, and one must assume that most CNDers had voted to keep the equivocating Mr Ross in Parliament. Perhaps their minds were finally made up by Mrs Thatcher when she made an eve-of-poll visit to the island.

Tactical voting could occasionally cut the other way, notably at Plymouth Devonport where Dr David Owen owed his return to his currying-of-favour with a Tory tactical anti-peace vote. But the situation, generally, in the final days of the election, could have favoured the strategy of a 'popular front' of peace and anti-Thatcher forces. The most ungenerous and politically witless response to this emergency came from the editorial columns of the *Guardian*.

On Monday 6 June, with the scale of the Thatcher majority staring him in the face, Peter Jenkins devoted his whole column to kicking Labour, for the 101st time, in the crotch. The leading ideologist of the SDP, which had rent the democratic electorate apart, still wished to reassure himself (if he could no longer reassure his readers) that it was all Labour's fault: not a whisper that there might still be time for some last-minute tactical repairs was allowed. On Tuesday 7 June a further long editorial, in Jenkins-style, jumped up and down on Labour's ailing body. (Having done all in his power to hasten on Labour's defeat, Peter Jenkins now – 15 June – has the bad taste to advise the party on its choice of a new leader!)

IT WAS A SCANDALOUS irresponsibility which will, in coming months, be remembered. That is lesson number one. Despite the ability of many of its staff, and despite the partial openness of some of its columns, the *Guardian* is a newspaper conducted with a factional editorial zeal, in pursuit of simon-pure Atlanticist ideology, whose objective in that emergency was to split the democratic and peace forces of the country down the middle. We may give the paper a month or two to take stock and adjust. But if we are to look forward to a 're-grouping on the Left' then it may prove to be necessary, next year, to found a trustworthy newspaper that we may re-group around.

The second lesson is a sober one. Whatever qualifications are made, the election was a serious setback for the peace movement. And a setback of this kind ought not to be swept under a carpet of wishful rhetoric.

It is not only that the result summons forwards the next and most hazardous stages of one-sided upward nuclear armament, and will also further embitter the bloc confrontation. It is also that the peace movement succeeded in forcing the issue of 'defence' onto the election agenda, and then – as the media confiscated the issue and played it through their own distorting lenses – the support which we had gained in the country by three years of patient educational work was actually checked and then rolled back.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andrew Wiard/Report

This is true. Doorstep canvassers know that it is true. 'Defence' became a sensitive issue, which Labour at first muffed, and then from which it beat a hasty retreat. What happened?

An expert axeman splitting a log looks first for the hairline cracks in the wood and strikes there. In the months before the election one crack was perfectly evident. Both national opinion polls and CND's own doorstep canvasses had shown a firm national majority against cruise and Trident, but a sharp fall to 30-odd per cent when the question passed to Polaris or to total unilateral renunciation of all nuclear weapons and bases.

The Tory axemen had studied this opinion profile with quite as much care as CND had done: and when the election commenced they took steady aim at the crack and struck. They struck again and again: 'one-sided disarmers'; 'leaving Britain defenceless'; 'unilateralism' – and then, as the crack began to open, they cleft the log in two with a huge resounding wallop: POLARIS!

The resounding Polaris blow was struck between 22 and 25 May, and was supposedly (in some Left fundamentalist mythology) cunningly prepared for by an act of treachery by Denis Healey in an interview on Leicester local radio, when he spoke of putting Polaris into START negotiations. I do not think so. If Mr Healey had wished to be so cunning he would not have chosen his moment in a throwaway comment on local radio.

THE CUNNING WAS with the monitors at Tory Party HQ, who saw the crack and swung the axe: and their power lay in their extraordinary command of simultaneous media attack. On and on and on: LABOUR IN DISARRAY ON POLARIS (*Telegraph*); 'Well, does Polaris go?' (*Guardian* editorial); FOOT-HEALEY RIFT (*Times*); LABOUR SPLIT OVER POLARIS (*Express*); POLARIS – ISSUE THAT FOOT FUDGES (*Mail*); RECIPE FOR DISASTER (*Star*); NAKED AND ASHAMED (*Express*); LABOUR TOTTERS ON BRINK OVER NUCLEAR POLICY (*Guardian* again – and again). Most brilliant of all was John Vincent, once professor of modern history at Bristol University and now a gutsy staccato columnist in the *Sun:*

> Labour would leave us defenceless against nuclear attack. Labour would make Britain a sitting duck.
>
> *The Russians would know that we couldn't hit back . . .*
>
> Labour's defence policies are a matter of life and death. Personally, I prefer life. (25 May)

The first point which I wish to make about this attack will get me muddied with the muck of real politics and will perhaps offend some of my purist friends in the peace movement. It is this: Polaris, in the summer of 1983, is a third or fourth order problem. Towering above all other problems, national or international, is the deployment of cruise missiles under foreign operation on our territory in two or three months' time. The political crisis of Europe, at this moment, turns not even upon nuclear disarmament but upon checking the upwards rush of nuclear armament: and the issues are cruise, Trident and the freeze. These are all issues which could have been carried by a majority of the British public.

Beneath these towering issues, in a descending order of priorities, come the US-operated nuclear bases (such as Upper Heyford) where dangerous 'modernisations' are taking place; the Tornado fighter-bomber (which may be nuclear-armed); bases and facilities for the new sea-and-air-launched cruise missiles (like the launch-platform the *New Jersey*, due to be recommissioned on 25 June); and, at the bottom of the nuclear-weapons list (for Britain), Polaris.

Polaris is due to be phased out anyway. More than that, there is now on the table a proposal from Mr Andropov to negotiate his SS20s downwards in relation to Polaris. If Denis Healey had an eye to these proposals in his Leicester broadcast, then he was not committing premeditated treason but simply making the point that there is no original virtue in unilateralism for unilateralism's own pure sake. If an offer for reciprocal reductions is actually on the table, why not take it? And, at the same time, why not turn the table on the Tories and expose the hypocrisy of Mrs Thatcher's professions of 'multilateralism' when it is her government which is refusing all negotiations?

IT WAS HONOURABLE in Michael Foot and his colleagues to meet the Polaris attack head on, and to defend the integrity of their 'non-nuclear defence policy' as enshrined in the Manifesto. It was less honourable in most of them then to beat a retreat into the undergrowth and to decide that 'defence' was a vote-loser. But what was quite remarkable was the Labour leadership's lack of political skills.

Plainly, most of the Labour national spokespersons were ill-prepared and underbriefed. The peace movement, made voiceless in the 'national debate' and vainly trying to get a few moments on the box, witnessed with astonishment the performances of persons who purported to adopt their policies, but who had not mastered the facts or the arguments in their support.

I do not refer only to the empty hole where a 'non-nuclear defence' might have been. Nor to the performances of John Silkin who, looking more and more like a Dreadnought as he went on, was building bigger and bigger navies. (It is sad that Labour had not been able to select a fully professional and briefed 'defence' shadow: someone of the calibre of Robin Cook.) I refer to the failure of Labour to bring into the centre of the campaign the critical political issues: cruise, Trident, and the freeze. And the failure of Labour's monitors even to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notice the glaring cracks in the policies of their opponents: the crack between the SDP and the Liberals in the matter of cruise, the deep uneasiness among Tory voters about a 'double-key'.

I do not think that CND nor the wider peace movement can fairly be held responsible for that disaster. We had identified, long before the election, our own political priorities of peace: above all, cruise and Trident. Only a few fundamentalists of the Labour Left wished to fight on an abstract 'unilateral-versus-multilateral' platform: that is a fictive dichotomy which CND has long been rejecting. Our refusal of nuclear weapons is absolute: but even absolutes, like the abolition of slavery or child labour, can be achieved in the mucky world of real politics only in stages. Far worse than the 'compromise' involved in selecting priorities (first cruise and Trident, then the F-111s, then Polaris) would be defeat.

If I were to foot-fault the British peace movement, it would be on other grounds. It has become, in the past year, more nationally preoccupied, less internationalist in its perspectives and strategies. And hence – by default rather than by design – less clearly non-aligned and less aware of the necessity of calling forth a reciprocal response from the Warsaw bloc. The slogans of 1981 – 'no cruise, no SS20s' – disappeared in the aftermath of Reagan's 'zero option', and little was found to replace them.

Hence, insensibly and against its own intuitions, the peace movement was hemmed by the media into a pro-Soviet corner: and, in the aftermath of Polish martial law, its transcontinental perspectives began to grow dim. As I warned last February (*Guardian*, 21 February) in a situation where NATO and the Warsaw bloc were hardening against each other, then, 'established power, drawing upon immense reserves of ideology and of wealth, would rally to the defence of the old cold war "West".' And so it has transpired. Yet the fear of 'Russia' which the media were able to unloose – and which underscored the whole 'defence debate' – ought not to have taken us so unawares.

A GENERAL ELECTION is always an ugly rite of passage for an alliance movement like the peace movement. It divides supporters against each other and confiscates our voices. We shall now come together once more. We shall regain the ground we have temporarily lost. By this autumn we shall present a massive presence and command the national argument again. Already discussions are going on, in many localities, to see if a new broad-based anti-cruise and anti-Trident alliance can be formed.

Yet it has been a setback. In the normal course of political events one might be able to wait with some confidence through the coming five years for the wave of wrath which will break upon the Tories' heads when the public finally realises how it has been screwed and conned.

But nothing in these latter days goes forward on a 'normal' course. The media manipulation of the public mind suggests that we must take stock of deep abnormalities in the very democratic design of contemporary political life. And nothing in the world of weapons and of international affairs is going to be, in the next year or two, normal in any way. We are entering upon most dangerous times. I know that the peace movement will be strong enough to meet these dangers. But I do not have the same confidence in our democratic defences against the over-mighty state.

The sense of an opportunity lost (more accurately, *stolen* from our hands) came back with force on the eve of poll, 8 June, when I heard on the car radio at 11.30pm an extract of Michael Foot's last election speech in his own constituency in South Wales. The old campaigner, who had fought (let us remember) an honest campaign – although a campaign in which he sometimes seemed bemused amidst the monstrous furniture of candid cameras and abrasive presenters – summoned up for the last time his energies for a soaring and most cogent speech. He found at last a full voice for the issues the campaign ought always to have been fought around – cruise missiles, the uprush of new nuclear weaponing, the nation's autonomy. And his audience roared their approval and drowned him with their applause.

If only the election could have been fought, from its commencement, on these issues and in that way . . . But, then, perhaps it was, up and down the country, but the media would not let us know? Certainly the peace movement was active and resilient everywhere. And let us remember, that large portion of the nation which withstood this foul media assault was educated by the experience and strengthened in its convictions: our mood is the more as our might lessens. And, if the 'mood' remains firm, then the might will return. □

Edward Thompson's attempt to intervene mid-way in the election by means of a polemical pamphlet, The Defence of Britain, *was ignored by all the broadcasting media and by most of the press. The pamphlet is still available at 65p post-free from END (227 Seven Sisters Road, N4) or CND (11 Goodwin Street, N4).*

SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SOCIALISTS: No.112 of the Series. CHOU EN LAI TRIES OUT A POLITICALLY AMBIGUOUS PUN AT THE HEIGHT OF THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION...

HEY MAO! KNOW WHY THERE ARE NO TELEPHONES IN THE PEOPLES' REPUBLIC? WELL, THEY TRIED IT, BUT FOUND THEY COULDN'T DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM!
DON'T GET IT, CHOU...
Martin Rowson '83

Martin Rowson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELECTION '83

Going onto the attack

Chris Davies/Network

Barbara Castle draws lessons from the defeat and suggests principles for the next five years

OF COURSE THE ELECTION results were appalling. And we would be mad not to take them seriously. But we must begin by getting the picture right. There are facts in our favour on which we can build. The Labour Party's illness needs intensive care, but it is not terminal.

First, the landslide of opinion did not take place. Mrs Thatcher's support has slipped since 1979. The true picture is of a deeply divided country with a majority of the electorate against her policies.

Secondly, the Party on the ground during the campaign – at any rate, in the northern marginals I visited – had never been in better heart. The impression was of Labour committee rooms crowded with young people and enthusiastic old hands. There were more party workers and more motivated ones than I remembered in the elections of 1970 and 1979.

They, at any rate, knew what was at stake if the Grantham Grocer mentality was allowed to get a greater grip on our national life. And a lot of our traditional supporters were more strongly motivated, too, with passers-by coming up to one to growl: 'For God's sake, get her out.'

Thirdly, most conspicuously, the SDP candidates were engaged in a kind of organisational fly posting, setting up scratch election machines with just enough existence to field a candidate. In one marginal constituency I visited, the SDP candidate had not even succeeded in getting his election literature distributed. SDP intervention was enough to cost us a number of seats, but, with a few exceptions, they had struck no local roots.

So we have a chance to gain lost ground. In view of what we have done to each other, both Left and Right, in the past few years, it is a miracle we have survived at all. We did so because our historical task cannot be discharged by anyone else. How can we become a credible force again? What lessons can we learn from this campaign?

Let us get one thing clear. It just will not do to blame our defeat on our 'extremist' policy, any more than on Michael Foot's lack of charismatic qualities. Mrs Thatcher won on a far more extreme approach to the solution of Britain's problems than we proposed. Michael Foot faithfully discharged the remit given him when the party drafted him as leader in 1980 – to get some kind of unity act together before it was too late. He emerges from the campaign as a figure of indomitable guts and great dignity. It is not his fault if the message was so blurred.

For our real problem is that the party has failed to reconcile its conflicting views. Yet, in a mass party, some conflict of opinion is inescapable. Are we then doomed to ineffectualness? Not if we realise our danger and rally behind certain principles and attitudes which involve concessions on both sides but which certainly need not be weak, centrist ones.

To begin with, we must make it clear, once and for all, whether we want to achieve our ends by democratic means. If so, we do not have to abandon our goals, but must recognise that we can only achieve them step by step. We must stop playing parlour revolutionaries and learn the art of winning electoral support by fundamental change. Though difficult it is not impossible; Aneurin Bevan did it when he put the NHS on the statute book in the teeth of bitter hostility. It is no accident that this piece of socialism in action is one of Mrs Thatcher's key targets. Equally, because it is popular, its defence is one of our great strengths.

THE SEARCH FOR popular support does not mean that we have to run away from temporary unpopularity or mute our attack on vested interests. As Mrs Thatcher has proved, the electorate tends to reward conviction politics. The path to our party disunity was strewn with the timidities of previous Labour governments, such as the Wilson Cabinet's failure, in 1975, to back the party's policy of phasing pay beds out of NHS hospitals. As soon as the consultants

New Statesman

Annual subscription rates*
*6 months & 3 months subscription pro rata

UK £29; Overseas surface mail: £32 (US $59)

Overseas airmail: Europe £36; Middle East £39; S. America, India, Africa £40; Australia, Far East £45; USA, Canada £40 (US $79)

Student subscription rates available on request

Please note: payment by cheque in Sterling or US Dollars, or International Money Order only

Please complete this form and post to:
NS Subscriptions, 14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

I enclose £/$ .....

V&A

Take-away

32 Tomb figure of horse.
Earthenware with coloured glazes.
Recommended.

29 Bronze ritual vessel.
Chinese - Shang Dynasty.
Enough for two.

17 Porcelain Flask.
Painted in underglaze blue.
Ming, early 15th century.
Very tasteful.

51 Five-clawed dragons and phoenixes on a bed of foliage. Impeccably carved into Imperial Table.
Ming - reign of Hsuan-te.

98 Bodhisattva Kuan-Yin
Carved wood, painted and gilt on gesso.
Rich, decorative and very enlightening.

Just a few of the mouth-watering items illustrated and described in the V&A guide to Far Eastern Art.

One of twelve broadsheet guides to the Victoria & Albert museum specially commissioned and sponsored by Mobil.

Pick up a guide at the museum shop, feast your eyes on the exhibits and make a meal of your next V&A visit.

Bon appetit !

Mobil®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

threatened industrial action, the majority of the Cabinet (including the 'radical' Shirley Williams) hurried to appease them with a compromise. On private practice outside the NHS, it was even worse. I always argued that the right way to deal with it was not to ban it (which affronts people's sense of their own rights), but to control it – I was not allowed to carry out even this moderate version of party policy.

Planning agreements was another concept that we could have made popular. It was a moderate enough policy in all conscience, based on the acceptance of a mixed economy, but the Cabinet was more concerned to appease the industrial moguls than to enthuse its own followers. Our first lesson, therefore, is that we must concentrate on policies that are achievable in a democracy and then stick to them as ruthlessly as Mrs Thatcher sticks to hers, building a new society brick by brick.

Secondly, we must stop presenting our policies as a spending spree. Any fool can spend money; it is earning it which is difficult. To appeal to the electors with promises of largesse at a time of acute crisis is to court disbelief and, later, disillusionment. Our socialism must be made to seem a better way of earning the nation's livelihood.

Thirdly, we must always fight on a positive, not a negative. It is the only way to unfit the troops. I have urged this earlier over our attitude to the EEC. As I feared, the withdrawal policy forced us on the defensive when there was so much to attack. Labour's critique of the Treaty of Rome remains as valid as it always was, but we must now use it to give a lead among European socialists towards more acceptable alternatives.

ANOTHER LESSON we must learn from Mrs Thatcher is the art of counter-attack. This is all part of conviction politics. The most remarkable thing about this election was the way she refused to run away from her weakest point – unemployment – and actually turned it to her advantage instead of ours. This she did by highlighting our weakest point – the fact that unemployment had risen (though modestly) under Labour governments – and hitting us vigorously round the head with it. The contrast with our treatment of defence policy was heartbreaking. This was proving a liability because we had expressed it in terms of a negative (unilateral *disarmament*) instead of a positive (the move to a non-nuclear *defence strategy*). When we found it was losing us votes, the reaction of the NEC campaign committee was to ignore the issue in the hope that it would go away. 'Just talk about unemployment, our strong point,' was the advice; but it didn't work. Instead, it threw doubt on our general credibility.

This was all the more tragic because Mrs Thatcher was immensely vulnerable on defence policy. The moment she declared that she would cheerfully press the button to launch a Polaris missile following a 'major Russian attack' she was on a hook. Following a 'major' attack, there would be very little of Britain left. The logic of her line was that if we want to defend Britain with nuclear weapons we have to strike first, and even Denis Healey has been demanding a 'no first strike' policy. The party could have been united, and Mrs Thatcher impaled on her own dilemma, if we had asked her relentlessly: 'Would you be willing to press the button first?' There is already a majority in the country against the acquisition of cruise and Trident. With the respectable allies we have among the generals we could have won a majority for a non-nuclear strategy.

We also ran our campaign like amateurs against professionals. We drifted into the election ridiculously unprepared, with some candidates even being chosen after the date had been announced. Our slogan was meaningless and our posters poor. True, we suffered from lack of money and, if Mrs Thatcher has her way, it will get worse. Here again, attack is the best defence. The case for state aid to political parties will become unanswerable if she succeeds in cutting trade union political funds while leaving her own funds from industry untouched. We should launch a campaign for state aid now as vigorously as the Alliance will be pedalling its electorial 'reform'. In the meantime, we should make much fuller use of our friends from the public relations world and the media. The NEC should set up a permanent campaign committee, serviced by expert outsiders, to organise our propaganda attack on Mrs Thatcher's policies as they unfold. It will be a long slog, but we must waste no time.

Finally, we must put our individual policies into a coherent philosophic whole. We must no longer allow Mrs Thatcher to take the moral initiative, but hammer home our own political morality. It is absurd, for instance, that she should corner the 'freedom' slogan when she is hell bent on reducing it; or that she should get away with robbing the taxpayer by selling profitable national assets to her friends at a cut price. There will be a great deal going for us in the next five years, but we must attack, attack, attack. □

Barbara Castle is MEP for Greater Manchester North.

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ Victims of a nuclear strike in Bognor would be given burial at sea, the town's Neighbourhood Council was told. A guest speaker from Felpham Neighbourhood Council said: 'We are very lucky here because we are by the sea, so all the dead people can be taken out in a rowing boat weighted down, and buried.' – *Portsmouth Evening News* (J. Towers)

☐ It is well known that Prince Charles is sympathetic to ethnic minorities. He has a Gurkha orderly who does his valeting. – *Sunday Express* (Anne Fitchett)

☐ The Labour controlled borough of Islington is asking its staff: 'Do you consider yourself to be a man or a woman?' One said: 'I've worked for the council for more than 10 years and if they don't know by now whether I'm a man or a woman I'm not going to tell them.' – *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

COMMUNIST PARTY

Star turn

Sarah Benton on the struggle between the CP and its paper

IF ATTENDANCE at this Saturday's Marx with Sparx festival in London is disappointing, the bitter estrangement between the *Morning Star* and Communist Party will seem almost final. For the *Star* has refused to publish the Festival programme, demanding that if the CP wants the space, it must pay the commercial rate for it. At previous festivals the programme has been printed free, so all the festival goers buy the *Star* and the party saves money.

The present breakdown of relations in what had seemed an indissoluble marriage is supremely ironic. For up until now it was precisely the dull party orthodoxy of the paper that was most frequently criticised by the euro-communist wing of the party. Criticism of the editor, Tony Chater (an ex-Further Education lecturer), had often centred on the fact that he was appointed as a loyal party functionary in 1974, more interested in asserting correct party line-ism than in newspapers or radical political journalism. Against all criticisms from *Star* journalists and CP members about his managerial style and journalistic creativity, Chater has been staunchly defended by CP General Secretary, Gordon McLennan.

Now the paper's management has ditched that support in preference for an alliance of orthodox Left trade unionists and CP hardliners. At first sight, all enemies of the dead hand of party bureaucracy would have cheered on the champions put up by the *Star* for election at the recent round of People's Press Printing Society meetings. The PPPS is a co-operative set up in May 1945 to own the paper (then the *Daily Worker*), a product of the 'broad front' policies of the CP and a means of raising money. The Management Committee is elected at the Annual General Meetings, held in several regional centres.

This year, six people had to be elected. The *Star* had initially intended that the six retiring members merely be voted back. But the CP Executive Committee (EC) decided to support only Derek Robinson, Jenny Williams and Tony Chater, and nominate three new members. They chose three who they thought would counter the drift of the paper away from the party – all absolutely loyal to the party leadership but, in terms of the historic party division, closer to the euro-communist than the 'hardline' side of the party. They were George Mathews, an ex-editor of the *Daily Worker* but long since retired, Bert Pearce and Dave Priscott, district secretaries of Wales and Yorkshire respectively, and both close to retirement.

The management committee then put up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UPP

Tony Chater: *not* editing a Communist Party bulletin

its own three nominees. If not young, they were at least middle-aged and were presented as 'trade unionists' – Terry Marsland, Ken Brett and George Willoughby. (Two in fact are in the CP and all stood in their personal capacity.) They easily won the election and in this had the backing of the indefatigable hard-liners who have a pseudo-Militant policy of burrowing into the labour movement's organs.

IT IS PART of the party's history that when the hardliners are against the leadership, the euro-communists (a rather less resolute band) swing in to defend it. They had two reasons for doing so. The first is that, despite the apparent democracy of the PPPS meetings, they are less able to enforce accountability on the paper than in the Communist Party itself. In successive CP congresses since 1977, resolutions critical of the paper's role and its editorial policy have been passed by delegates, in express opposition to the still-united *Star* and party leaderships. The editor of the paper has always been a member of the party's Political Committee and CP members have hoped to influence the paper by filtering their views up through the party structure to this, its top managerial body.

Apart from that, there are the apparently esoteric policy disputes inside the party. Since it passed its current policy document, *The British Road to Socialism*, in 1977, the party has been formally committed to the political strategy of the 'broad democratic alliance' in which it is specified that profound social change can only come about if the organised labour movement (ie trade unions) makes common cause with other movements such as women's liberation, black rights or, most controversially, gay liberation. The common cause is held to be a desire for more democracy. It explicitly states that the interests of the labour movement alone are too 'economistic' – concerned with economic gain at the expense of politics – to achieve social change.

This is why the choice of the three trade unionists was seen as a retrogressive move – a symbolic gesture of the *Star*'s determination to return to the days when no one questioned whether shop stewards were always the vanguard and no one thought sex had anything to do with politics. The gesture was a defiant V-sign to the EC's efforts in the last nine months to stop the drift of the paper back to this 1960s harbour. The several steps in the drift have been well publicised and all hinged around the *Star*'s attacks on those who criticised trade unions

STUDENTS

Travel in interesting company

by taking advantage of our special summer subscription offer for students

ONLY £4.50 FOR 15 WEEKS
if you're in the UK throughout the summer (although we'll stretch a point and redirect up to 3 copies overseas for no extra charge)

At 30p a copy that's less than half price

If you intend to be overseas for more than 3 weeks, even for the whole 15 weeks,
IT'S ONLY £6

Please send your cheque, name, address(es) with details of your college, subject and final year to:

Lesley Bridgmount
NEW STATESMAN (SS83)
FREEPOST
LONDON EC1B 1EB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for being too embroiled in a perk-taking, sexist system. For the first time the EC criticised the editor's decisions. Then, early this year, the EC specifically instructed the *Star* not to appoint Mick Costello, the party's hardline industrial organiser who had resigned for personal reasons, as its industrial correspondent.

The *Star* did employ him and in an internal editorial report stated that 'with Mick Costello's recent appointment' it should be possible to increase markedly the number of industrial features. The report also stressed the central role of the labour movement, said cultural coverage was taking up too much space, and left the women's page out of its review altogether.

Such disputes would not normally produce any change in the party's institutions; but this one sits on the highly unstable basis of the *Star*'s finances. In a report to the EC last January, Chater pointed out that the paper had again lost sales in 1982 and by the end of 1983 would have an accumulated deficit of £470,000. Out of the many heralded crises of the *Star*, this was the real one.

The solution proposed by the PPPS is that it should become a printer for trade unions, a business decision which is shored up by editorial policy. The CP had signally failed to galvanise its members into selling more copies and had little to offer to improve the content. 'We are after all,' said the editorial report acerbically, 'a newspaper, not a Communist Party bulletin.'

And that has been the CP's problem. While it recognises the principle of editorial freedom, it has had a tendency to regard the practice as 'unhelpful' – meaning that it doesn't represent party policy but that no one wants an open political argument. Now, having missed the opportunity to go for radical change in editorial policy with its 1978 report, the party is left with nothing much but moral reproach and threats to withdraw its distributive and money-raising labour. At the London PPPS AGM the party leaders were, said one ex-*Star* journalist, 'like disappointed relatives at the reading of Aunt Agatha's will'. And if domestic sales continue to fall, the current policy of the paper 'should hugely increase its export sales', said another, in a reference to the Soviet Union waiting open-armed for the return of the lost sinner. □

MADAME BLAVATSKY

INCOMPARABLE GENIUS OR DESPICABLE FRAUD?

The only way to resolve this problem is to read *her* works for oneself, and not what others, unable or unwilling to study and comprehend her monumental works, have said and written. If you are interested in discovering a philosophy, worthy of the highest intellect, embracing all religion and philosophy, and much science, we suggest you write for a reading list to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)

P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

ADVERTISING

Fly-by-nights

Caroline Berman reports on an illegal poster mafia

IF, DURING THE ELECTION campaign, you noticed that walls were covered with more music posters than political propaganda, do not necessarily conclude that street politics are dead. Rather, the music posters are testament to the power of a highly organised but strictly illegal professional flyposting network.

A mafia-style organisation keeps flyposters glued to derelict buildings and empty shops all over the country. These professionals know how far they can stretch the toleration of the police and local authorities. The amateurs or seasonal flyposters, who are not so fastidious about their sites, are easier to catch. Eddie Shaw, chief executive of London & Provincial, one of the largest legitimate poster contractors, says that he has prosecuted several political agents responsible for defacing his hordings.

For the unofficial commercial flyposters, the country has been carved into territories, each controlled by its own poster king. The system works well for the record companies who use the medium. If they go through the right channels, they know that all the posters they order will go up and stay there for between a week and a month.

'Five years ago it was chaos,' says Robin Behling of Cream Creative Marketing, an agency which designs about a quarter of all the flyposters. He explains that, in those days, only half the posters ever stayed up. The rest were dumped or torn down by rival organisations. Now, London has been divided into two, with the north controlled by Dave Walker and Terry 'the pill' Slater, the south run by Dave Hutton, who describes himself as a printer.

Putting up posters is now big business, especially in London, where about 15-20,000 appear each week. As the number of derelict buildings and empty factories increases, so does the number of poster sites. In the provinces, it's done on a much smaller scale, with perhaps 1,500 posters going up each week in each area.

Each poster costs between 60p and £1.50 to put up, and record companies may order between 500 and 2,000 to cover London, 3,000 to cover the rest of Britain. The London flyposting teams like to perpetuate the belief that theirs is a dangerous business, thus keeping the prices high as 'risk money'. But, according to Scotland Yard, it is virtually unheard of for people to be prosecuted for commercial flyposting.

'The police understand. It's an acceptable part of life,' says Frank Kenny, who runs Liverpool's flyposting organisation. He was a trainee accountant, but moved into the poster business two years ago, after working at a local rock pub. He has never been prosecuted by the police although he has had 'the odd telling off'.

'If it's done properly it makes some of the buildings look better,' says 'George', a former musician, who for two years has been in charge of the Birmingham area. There are certain areas such as Brighton, Edinburgh and Durham which cannot be flyposted because the councils are known to disapprove. Elsewhere there seems to be a tacit agreement that, if they stick to derelict and empty property, no one really minds.

Flyposters are a fast and striking medium. They can be designed on Friday, printed over the weekend and be up by 4 am Wednesday morning. 'It's a very cheap way of getting street exposure and top of the schedule when a new rock single comes out,' according to Arista Records' David Short. 'Flyposters are flexible. For a reggae product, we'd buy south and west London areas. Some, we just do in central London to announce the band to the media and multiple record buying stores.'

Arista puts out about two poster campaigns a month. Larger record companies release about four posters a week, to tie in with releases, but are reluctant to talk about these advertising methods. An EMI spokesman says, 'We never do it officially.'

Short calls the organisation 'a mafia style operation' and explains: 'On odd occasions we've been naive enough to use others. But if "the mafia" see unknowns putting up posters for a concert they'll stick a "sold out" sign across it.' Mike Gilmore of London Calling, a company which has recently started flyposting for fringe theatres, says that he tried to put posters up on mafia sites but with little success. 'Someone nutted Paul, my partner, in Hammersmith and we got warned off in Kilburn.'

There is a lot of popular mythology in the music world about what might happen if you try to infringe the mafia's territory. 'There are rumours circulating about what Black & Deckers might do to your fingers. From what we know they are prepared to be physically violent if they catch you in the act,' says Gilmore.

The fringe theatres are a new and largely untapped market for flyposting. London Calling gives its clients a different kind of coverage from that given by 'the mafia'. They use smaller posters on different kinds of sites, such as traffic boxes at traffic light junctions, but not large areas of corrugated iron. Charges for putting the posters up vary according to the risks involved.

Flyposters do not really affect the business of the legal poster contractors. They aim at a completely different market. You wouldn't find drink or cigarette ads plastered onto corrugated iron fences in Brixton. Within the music industry, it is only bands wanting to appeal to a 'street' market that use flyposting. Posters for middle-of-the-road musicians like Cliff Richard can be seen on legitimate sites.

Flyposting is now such a slick operation that it can survive and flourish, financed by record companies, tolerated by the police. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Brian Sedgemore

On the morning after the election I went down to the LBC studios. 'Welcome back to the Club,' said Hugh Rossi, the Tory wet who's just been sacked by Thatcher and who was also taking part in the programme. A week later Walter Harrison, Labour's Deputy Chief Whip, whispered in my ear, 'Don't worry, son, I always look after re-treads'. That was Walter's way of saying that in the Club senior citizens get preference over the new boys. New boy Dave Nellist, the first avowed Trotskyist elected to Parliament, complained that the place was 'like a public school' – but, falling into the benign ways of the institution, added quickly, 'Everyone's very helpful, mind you'. Unexpected salutations came from Tory radical Edward Gardner QC. When I practised as a barrister some years ago Edward led me in a murder trial in which a young black boy had been given such a thrashing by a group of white youths that when the pathologist lifted up the flap to examine the boy's brain it literally jumped out. Everyone was acquitted of murder and the judge, who seemed bored by the case, sentenced those who were convicted of causing an affray to six months' imprisonment. Murder trials may become less boring in the future if Edward has his way. On 19 July 1979 and again on 11 May 1982 Edward both spoke and voted in favour of a return to hanging in debates in the House of Commons. He was joined on each occasion by Margaret Thatcher. Her influence is now such that a vote in this Parliament for a return to the rope could be a very close run thing. Parliament, barbarous and dangerous as ever, is back in business.

○

High Church Eric Heffer is contesting the leadership stakes, he tells me, in order to make it clear to evangelist Neil Kinnock that he cannot take anything for granted from the Left. Eric can't win. He should stand down. So should Peter Shore. And Gwyneth Dunwoody could help us all by being a non-starter in the race for Deputy Leader. For surely there is a presumption that anyone good enough to be Deputy Leader is good enough to be Leader. Or as Lord Chief Justice Goddard once put it: 'All kinds of people try their incompetent best: in this Court I find too often that it isn't good enough.'

○

So far from being peeved that a number of Johnny-Come-Latelies have been entering the Falklands affray, Tam Dalyell took time off during the debate on the election of the Speaker to ask me why more people don't join in. He sat transfixed while I explained how Lord Devlin tried unsuccessfully to come to his help. Lord Devlin's idea was to set up an independent judicial enquiry into Franks and his Report. In the process he, Lord Devlin, was to cross-examine not only Nott, Carrington, Admiral Lewin and the others, but also the members of the Franks Committee. Granada TV agreed to record the proceedings, giving editorial control to Lord Devlin. Devlin wanted to test the thesis that Franks arrived at the wrong conclusions because he asked the wrong questions. The idea fell down when Nott and Carrington took fright. For the Franks Committee, Lord Watkinson (in writing) and Lord Lever (over the telephone) pleaded that so much of the critical evidence they had taken was top secret that the public could not be told. One of the other members of the Franks Committee described this assertion as 'rubbish'. Before the idea collapsed, Devlin wrote a brilliantly lucid opening statement in which he set out questions and perceptions which Franks dealt with either inadequately or not at all. In one paragraph which history will scarce forbear to ignore he wrote:

> The most fundamental criticism of the report is that it took too narrow a view (. . . . . .) of what it called the crucial question. It posed the first question as to whether the government could have foreseen the invasion on 2 April and gave negative answer by reference to events in the preceding fortnight. Should not that question have been whether the government could have foreseen an invasion sooner or later in 1981/82? The answer might have been that an invasion after 2 December 1980 was foreseeable and after 14 September 1981 inevitable.

Crossed phrases such as 'foreseeable 2 December 1980' and 'inevitable 14 September 1981', designed to make the establishment cringe, have always been Devlin's stock in trade. When he was appointed in the 1950s to conduct the Nyasaland inquiry, Harold Macmillan berated his Cabinet colleagues for giving him the job, saying 'Devlin's his own man. He's Irish. He's Catholic. He's a cripple. No good will come of it.' How right Macmillan was.

○

Barely has Parliament started up again than MPs are making plans to stay away from the place as much as possible. Labour MPs at the Tribune Group meeting (potential membership of the Group is now 90-100) are talking about spending the bulk of their time on grassroots campaigns in their constituencies. It won't happen, of course, not for those who represent seats in Scotland, Wales and the North, because the logistics of being an MP won't allow it. For their part Tory MPs need Labour pairs to stay away from the Commons for the purposes of business during the day and pleasure during the night. Victims of the very scale of their landslide, 150 of them are going to be disappointed. I've had 10 requests from Tories to pair so far. Among the unlucky nine have been yesterday's-hero-today's-forgotten-man Francis Pym and new Environmental Secretary of State Patrick Jenkin. His PPS Malcolm Thornton rang me at home and complained bitterly that it was absurd that Cabinet ministers could not find pairs. I find it absurd that PPSs should do such dogsbody jobs for their masters as scouring the country for pairs. Still maybe there's a plan of attack for Labour here. No pairs for Cabinet ministers so that they have to work in their Departments all day and moulder in the House of Commons all night. That would do more to destroy the clubable atmosphere of the place than anything else.

EVERYONE IN THE RESEARCH LAB HAS GIVEN NINETEEN YEARS, ELEVEN MONTHS AND ONE WEEKS NOTICE
WUNDA DRUGS INC.
CANCER CURE IN 20 YEARS

ROGER WODDIS

Money for new rope

Now is the time for restoring the gallows,
An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;
Minds that are lofty but soft as marshmallows
Only encourage recalcitrant youth.
No noose is bad noose,
And those who abolished it
Now appear, guilty as charged, in the dock.

There's dust on the trapdoor,
It's time that we polished it,
Ready for use when we turn back the clock.

Ration your tears for the hapless offender –
What of the hangman employed by the State?
Why should not topping be put out to tender,
Contracts drawn up at a privatised rate?

Talking of murder
And ways of preventing it,
TV could prove to be family fun:
'. . . and here's Teddy Taylor,
"Quite frankly" presenting it!'
(Hanging should clearly be seen to be done).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN NEWS: UNITED STATES

Arms across the water

Claudia Wright unravels a network of US-Israeli arms trade connections and explains who's pulling the strings

ISRAEL HAS ALWAYS had well placed friends in the US Administration and Congress; but, when the Reagan Administration came to power, an unprecedented transformation occurred in the network of Israeli-American contacts.

Through connections with Israeli defence and intelligence officials, and lucrative ties with Israel's defence industries, this network has devised a new strategy for Israel's relations with the US, and has won official US approval over powerful domestic corporate opposition. The strategy aims to supplement the already high levels of cash assistance to Israel with American purchases of Israeli weapons for the army and marine corps. This multi-million dollar trade in Israeli arms for the US is to be built on co-production arrangements with US defence manufacturers, financed by subsidised loans and grants from Congressional appropriations for Israel. The arms trade – the Israeli economy's last chance of staving off bankruptcy – is also dependent on export permits to release the classified US military technology on which Israeli weapons designs are based.

The leading Pentagon officials in this strategy are Richard Perle, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy, and Stephen Bryen, Deputy Assistant Secretary for International Economic Trade and Security Policy. According to public information provided by Perle, before he joined the Pentagon in March 1981, he received at least $140,000 in consulting fees for advising the Israel weapons company, Soltam, on marketing their products in the US (see *NS* 22 April). According to files of the FBI and Justice Department, Bryen has been under investigation for espionage on Israel's behalf, and for failure, when he was a staff member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, to register as an agent for Israel (*NS* May 6).

Perle and Bryen are responsible for the Pentagon's technology transfer policy. They play a key role in deciding what military technologies can be released to foreign states and companies. By the appointment of staff and consultants who are favourable to Israeli requests, they can tip the balance of Pentagon thinking in their favour.

They can also play an indirect but influential role in the appointment of pro-Israel officials to positions in the research and development and procurement bureaus of the military services. Through associates on Senate and House committees, in defence consulting firms and academic think-tanks, pressure for pro-Israel decisions can be adroitly stimulated and directed.

Perle and Bryen refuse to respond to questions about their relationships with Israel. However, a list of consultants to Perle and Bryen, provided by a Pentagon source, reveals strong links with Israel's defence establishment, with Israel lobby groups in Washington and with a network of pro-Israel officials well placed to influence weapons development and procurement decisions on Israeli request.

One of the consultants, according to Pentagon files, is retired general John Vogt. A second is Clement Caditz. Both are associated with the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA). This Washington-based group was directed by Bryen between 1979 and 1981, before he went to work for Perle at the Pentagon. It was then taken over by his wife, Shoshana Bryen. According to JINSA literature, its purpose is 'explaining the link between US national security and Israel's security, and assessing what we can and must do to strengthen both'.

AP

Richard Perle: man with a lot of friends

A Washington defence analyst says that JINSA operates 'like a front for the Israeli embassy'. He says that he has received briefings by JINSA from officers of the Israel defence forces attached to the embassy. Defence analyses published in JINSA's newsletter promote Israeli weapons, as well as US weapons sales to Israel.

IN ADDITION TO Vogt and Caditz, several others associated with JINSA are involved in administration policy making. Rudy Boschwitz, one of JINSA's advisors, is chairman of the Senate subcommittee on the Near East and South Asia. Max Kampelman, another advisor, is chief of the US delegation to the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, meeting in Madrid. Michael Ledeen, a member of JINSA's board of directors, was special advisor to Secretary of State Alexander Haig. Gordon Zacks, a Cleveland shoe manufacturer and JINSA advisor, was recently asked by Vice President George Bush to organise a national Jewish Republican coalition for President Reagan's re-election campaign. Eugene Rostow, the former arms control director, is also a JINSA advisor.

Listed as a contributing editor of JINSA's newsletter is Frank Hoeber, who writes defence analyses for JINSA's use. He runs his own consulting firm and has testified on US military procurement needs before the Congress. Hoeber's wife, Amoretta Hoeber, has worked for Washington defence consulting firms and, on 7 May 1981, was appointed Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of the army for research and development.

One success that the Israelis have already had is in selling the B-300 man-held rocket-launcher. This is to be manufactured in the US by McDonnell-Douglas and will be purchased by the marine corps. The B-300 was originally designed as an anti-tank rocket launcher, but is being adapted to new specifications. So far, however, JINSA and the Israel lobby have not scored a major US sales victory and NATO representatives say that, if the Pentagon is forced to choose between a NATO-built weapon and an Israeli one, NATO's political clout in Washington will prevail.

It is highly likely, however, that the payoff to recent US-Israel negotiations will include US procurement of Israeli military goods and services and an enlargement of the US-Israeli military trade in third-country markets. When Secretary of State George Shultz met with Prime Minister Menachem Begin in May, during negotiations over the Israel-Lebanon agreement, there was talk of reviving the November 1981 Memorandum of Understanding. Among other things, this document calls for 'cooperation in research and development' and 'cooperation in defence trade'. The agreement was suspended after Israel's annexation of the Golan Heights in December 1981; but the signing, on 17 May, of a secret US-Israel memorandum, and recent public statements by Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, confirm that the two governments have agreed on reviving these provisions. Congressional sources do not believe that major weapons systems are involved, but anticipate that the US may buy artillery ordnance, battlefield electronics and equipment for US-built F-15's and F-16's.

In the past, Israel limited itself to importing US weapons fully manufactured and to exporting its own adaptations of US, British or French models to countries where US arms sales were restricted. South Africa, Argentina, Chile, El Salvador, Honduras and Guatemala were lucrative markets for Israeli arms exports, so long as they were on the Carter Administration's blacklist.

On 25 August, 1981, Yakov Meridor, a minister in Israel's cabinet, was quoted in *Ha'aretz* as telling the Reagan Administration: 'Don't compete with us in Taiwan, don't compete with us in South Africa, don't compete with us in the Caribbean area, or in other areas where you cannot sell weapons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directly. Let us do it.'

Beginning at about the time of the Memorandum of Understanding, Israel's arms marketing became more aggressive. It was no longer committed to a tacit division of international markets with the US arms companies. Reagan Administration policy had allowed US companies to enter the arms markets in many blacklisted countries. The Israelis decided to enter the US arms market itself. For the first time, the Israelis decided to meet the American competition head on, to try to under-bid or out-manoeuvre it. The new Israeli marketing strategy depended on US political influence to win large contracts. Financial subsidies (voted by Congress) and export permits were also vital to lower the research, development and production costs of Israeli weapons.

WASHINGTON SOURCES CREDIT the Perle-Bryen network – inside and outside the Administration – with encouraging the Israelis to make this change in strategy and with persuading them to increase their effectiveness by taking US companies as their partners. 'About 18 months ago,' a NATO defence attaché says, 'the Israelis recognised they couldn't sell offshore. That's when they started moving to co-Production and looking for US partners.'

Not all US weapons builders are keen to join the Israelis in co-production. Pratt and Whitney, a subsidiary of General Haig's old company, United Technologies, was happy to build the engines for Israel's new fighter-bomber the 'Lavi', with Congressionally approved US aid money. On the other hand, Northrop, manufacturer of the F-20 fighter aircraft, has actively lobbied against Israel's requests to produce the aircraft with US financial assistance, US co-producers and still-classified military technology.

'It's not that we mind the competition,' a Northrop spokesman says, 'but we don't feel we should have to compete against US government subsidies for the Israeli plane.' The Israelis are already claiming that Argentina has agreed to an advance purchase of the aircraft and that Argentina's money will contribute to the development capital needed for building the plane. Other countries are also being offered this deal. Without the advance approval of the Reagan Administration to such third-country transfers of the US technology built into the 'Lavi', this method of financing and marketing would be impossible.

For a time, Northrop and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger were able to block export permits for the US technology to be used in the 'Lavi's' wings and vertical stabilisers. The permits were finally approved as part of the US-Israeli agreement on Lebanon. The recently arrived Israeli ambassador to Washington, Meir Rosenne, has asked to apply additional credits, voted by Congress, to the 'Lavi' project.

Perle and Bryen are unusually well positioned to influence the Administration's decision on this issue. Just before he joined the Pentagon, Perle himself was a consultant to Northrop and advised the company on marketing strategy for the F-20. According to Pentagon files, a fulltime employee of Northrop's Washington office, Frederick Schatzman, is currently a consultant to Perle on weapons systems and defence procurement. Bryen has been associated in the past with Marvin Klemow, the Washington office chief of Israel Aircraft Industries, builder of the 'Lavi'. Klemow is currently a board member of JINSA.

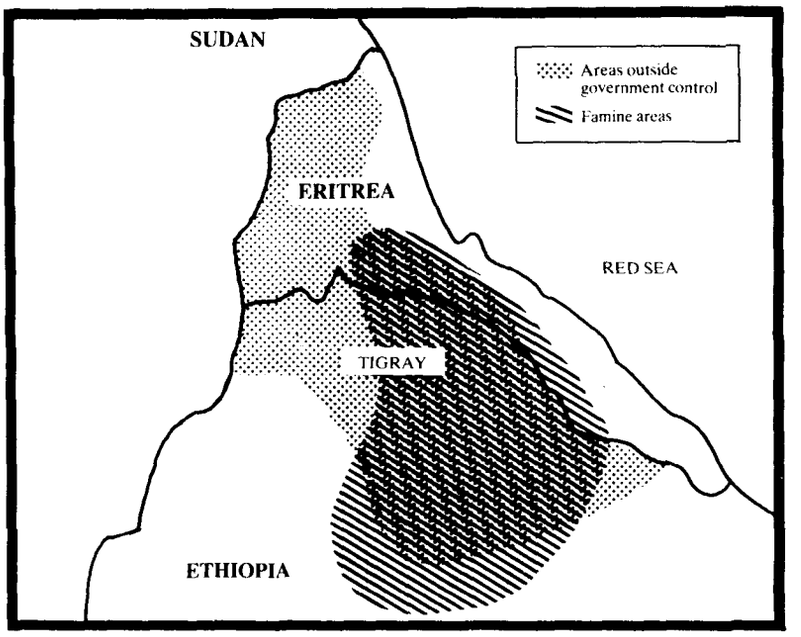
A private think-tank based near Boston has supplied another two of Perle's consultants. They are Robert Pfaltzgraff and Jacqueline Davis. The think-tank they run is the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis (IFPA). Several Administration officials with responsibilities touching Israel and the Middle East have been associated, in the past, with Pfaltzgraff and IFPA. They include Perle and Hoeber, along with Geoffrey Kemp (White House advisor on the Middle East), Richard Burt (Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs) and Scott Thompson, currently Director of Programs at the US Information Agency.

IFPA members are strong advocates of increasing US defence expenditures and weapons development to confront what are identified as global and regional Soviet threats. They are among the strongest advocates of US-Israel strategic collaboration. By feeding them with government consulting funds, Perle and his associates in government influence the terms of the general strategic debate in the US to favour meeting Israel's demands. □

Famine in the Horn of Africa

"Aid is simply not coming through on anything like the scale required."

David Smith – ITN, Tigray, June 1983



Help is needed urgently to combat famine in the Horn of Africa. Eritrea and Tigray make up much of the famine area. These areas are largely outside the control of the Ethiopian regime. The people there are well organised. They have an efficient network of food distribution centres and clinics. They can cope with the catastrophe but **only** if international assistance gets through. WAR ON WANT IS SENDING ITS ASSISTANCE TO THE AREAS WHERE OFFICIAL AID CAN'T GET THROUGH . . . and help is needed NOW so that farmers can grow next year's crop. If not, suffering and deaths this year will turn into an even greater disaster next year. Send us your donation today.

I enclose £10 ☐ £50 ☐ £100 ☐ £_____
for the emergency appeal in The Horn of Africa.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

Please send to:
Room 49, War on Want, Freepost,
467 Caledonian Road, London N7 9BE
(no stamp needed)

WAR ON WANT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EEC

Market forces

John Palmer looks beyond the Stuttgart summit

FIRST THINGS first; Mrs Thatcher had no triumph but suffered a significant setback at the Stuttgart EEC summit last weekend. As far as the issue of Britain's notorious Common Market budget rebate is concerned she did not pick up a cheque but settled merely for the promise of payment of a much smaller amount than the government had originally pressed for, at some indeterminate date in the future.

Worst still, from the Prime Minister's point of view, she will almost certainly have to soften her hardline opposition to allowing an increase in the EEC budget revenue ceiling as part of the still to be agreed financial reform package if she is ever to cash that cheque. If she does not, the French have warned they may veto any payment of a rebate to Britain – a step which the European Parliament has also hinted they may take when next year's budget and the UK rebate are sent to Strasbourg for its approval.

Fascinating though the budgetary haggling, manoeuvring and plotting among the European Community leaders was, the British media's concentration on this aspect of the summit was characteristically obsessive. Little or no thought was given to the grotesque disparity between the statesman and woman-hours devoted to the budget compared with the insultingly brief attention paid to Europe's unemployment crisis.

Whether the British rebate proves to be four, five or six hundred million pounds a year now or in the future hardly ranks comparison with the continuing and seemingly unstoppable spiral of worklessness in the EEC. More than 14 million are out of work in the ten member states now – a figure which could rise during this decade to 20 million or more.

The tendency for successive European summits to sweep the bedrock problems of unemployment, de-industrialisation and the deepening stagnation of the European economies under the carpet in preference to secondary budgetary book-keeping issues has got more pronounced in recent years.

Of course the present budget status quo is unjust and irrational. Of course it is a ludicrous nonsense that so much of the Common Market's relatively modest budget is preempted by an out-of-control agricultural policy, whose benefits are primarily drawn by Europe's agro-capitalist farmers and multi-national food manufacturers and not by the 'inefficient' peasant farmers who loom large in traditional British anti-market demonology.

It is self-evident that agricultural overproduction should be brought under control and the cost of sustaining smaller farmers should be transferred to national and EEC social policies. It is equally obvious that only the development of a better mix and balance of policies will provide all ten member states with sufficient policy swings and roundabouts to insure that national grievances are not inflamed unnecessarily.

But it is impossible to achieve this better balance in spending policies – and hence in the distribution of budget costs and benefits – if total EEC spending is to remain within prescribed and unchanging limits. Merely to parrot the demand – as Mrs Thatcher does – that slashing EEC farm spending (thus also directly recruiting displaced farmers to Europe's already overlong unemployment queues) is undermining whatever slim chances there are of negotiating a constructive reform of spending policies and the financial system.

THE TROUBLE is that the Tory party has been encouraged to take this shop keeper's ledger-clerk approach to the crisis in EEC policy making by the attitude of previous Labour governments. When they had the chance, British Labour governments did not seriously advance the case for a massive overall increase in EEC public spending policies to launch a blitz on unemployment, urban blight and industrial decline.

Labour's predilection for wrapping the Union Jack around itself in a patriotic defence of 'British sovereignty' in EEC matters laid the basis for Euro-Thatcherism. But, as became evident last month, the politically slovenly advocacy of an out-of-date nationalism in Common Market affairs no longer even garners cheap votes.

Serious though the crisis in the EEC budget and spending policies is, the Common Market will not fall apart. Although riven by national rivalries and bureaucratic infighting and ever more distant from the concerns of working people throughout the European Community, the Ten will hang together – if only to avoid hanging separately. Deepening international economic, trade and (increasingly) political conflict within the Western, capitalist world – as well as between East and West – is propelling the EEC hesitantly and self-consciously towards Fortress Europe policies. There is no future for any one of the national capitalisms outside the limited shelter provided by EEC trade, monetary and economic defences.

Sooner or later economic Fortress Europe will demand buttressing with independent European foreign and security policies – a possibility which causes ill-disguised concern in Washington. Mrs Thatcher, however, is determined to thwart this process in the interests of the continuing hegemony of President Reagan's America over the Atlantic alliance.

It is an open question for how long the Treaty of Rome – and its undiluted gospel of free trade – can survive this gradual mutation of the European Community in the last decade and a half of the 20th century. Certainly there are many in the labour movements of Western Europe who now accept that, while withdrawal from the EEC makes no sense, development of an alternative European strategy makes every sense.

Within such a strategy there would be more, not less, room for more rational and just budget payment mechanisms. More important, it would make possible a new and more credible response to the crisis of unemployment and de-industrialisation. The growing readiness of ordinary Europeans to see the need for distinctive European foreign and defence policies is also tailor-made for those on the Left who want to advocate unilateral disarmament – even neutralism as against the nuclear power blocs.

It is just possible that the British Left – even within the Labour Party – will see this conjuncture as providing the opportunity to do something more important than joining Mrs Thatcher in cheap sniping at the other EEC governments over the budget and the CAP. And that could trigger a political rethink which could lead to swapping of positions over Europe between a more internationalist British Left and a more stridently Gaullist British Tory government. □

John Palmer has just left Brussels after eight years as the Guardian's *European Editor.*

EAST GERMANY

Fighting doves

Gunter Minnerup reports on the Jena Peace Community

WEST GERMAN BORDER GUARDS checking the train arriving in Ludwigsstadt from East Germany, at 3.17am on Tuesday 7 June, make a strange discovery. The doors to the last compartment of the last carriage are locked. Behind them, a young man immediately protests his desire to return to the German Democratic Republic. The young man identifies himself as Roland Jahn, 29, storeroom worker from Jena, and a member of East Germany's increasingly vociferous independent peace movement.

The border police in Ludwigsstadt and West Berlin have become accustomed, over the last few weeks, to being confronted with young peace activists from Jena clutching certificates releasing them from GDR citizenship. Since the end of May, 22 men, women and children from the small industrial city in the south of the GDR have arrived in this way. But Roland Jahn had no such certificate, because he refused to accept one. Because East German law states that a withdrawal of citizenship can only take effect on reception of the document, he still considers himself legally a citizen of that state.

In contrast to the other 22 he had formally withdrawn an exit visa application made under duress – while serving a short prison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentence for 'ridiculing the state' earlier this year. His swollen wrists and the bruises and abrasions on his arms and hands bear witness to the enforced nature of his departure: lured into the Jena council offices under a pretext, Jahn was frog-marched into waiting state security cars to be driven to his flat in order to pick up his belongings. After a brief escape he was bound and gagged and carried onto the train and into his locked compartment by six plainclothes police officers.

The clamp-down on the activities of the Jena Peace Community has thus taken a new and macabre turn. Although independent peace groups have sprung up in most towns in the GDR since the introduction of compulsory military education in 1977 and the intensification of the nuclear arms race, the Jena group has been a particular irritant to the regime with its bold public initiatives and the media coverage that these have received in the West. The death from alleged 'suicide' of one of their number, Mathias Domaschk, in a police cell in April 1981, sparked off a wave of protests by his large circle of friends – including Roland Jahn and a young sculptor, Michael Blumhagen. Blumhagen's small memorial was removed from Domaschk's grave, the sculptor called up for military reserve exercises and his house demolished in his absence. Jahn was arrested in September after returning home from work with a small Polish flag attached to his bicycle 'in solidarity with the Polish workers', and sentenced to 22 months imprisonment in January.

In February, he was released, in what appeared to be a conciliatory gesture by the authorities towards the peace group. As recently as May this year, the group was permitted to participate in an officially-sponsored peace rally. Jahn was even given the opportunity to reply through the microphone to an attack on their pacifism made by the official speakers. But these hopeful signs proved to be deceptive: the wave of expulsions was about to start.

A crucial difference between the situation in Jena and that in other East German towns is the attitude of the Protestant church. Traditionally more cautious and even servile towards the state, its reluctiance to afford the young peace activists the measure of institutional protection given by the church in other regions forced the Jena peace group into a more public stance. In addition to holding their own demonstrations, or participating independently in official ones, the Jena group sent messages to the Comiso peace camp in Italy, the recent END convention in Berlin and generally went about its activities in a spirit of self confidence that could only be seen as provocative by the ruling East German Socialist Unity Party. It has now obviously been decided to get rid of the hard core of activists in the hope that the rest will be intimidated.

Jahn, however, remains optimistic. 'I have many friends who think and act in the same way as I and they are becoming more and more.' And if he has his way, he will soon be back to rejoin them. 'I could never live in West Germany. My ideals are better represented by the GDR than by the Federal Republic. I want to go back.' □

MOZAMBIQUE

Another Beirut

Joe Hanlon reports on South Africa's threat to Maputo

SOUTH AFRICA'S use of an Israeli spy plane and Israeli tactics last month in Mozambique have rekindled fears about the danger of Maputo being a 'second Beirut'.

Just one week after the South African Air Force raid on suburbs of Maputo which killed six people, South African planes again flew over the city. One passed over the downtown area and was eventually shot down over Maputo Bay. When it was fished out of the water the next day, it turned out to be a remotely-controlled plane. Eventually South African authorities admitted that it was theirs and was an Israel aircraft industry 'Scout'.

It is a tiny plane, with a wingspan of only 12 feet, driven by a simple two-cylinder engine and a propeller. But the electronics are sophisticated. The plane can be controlled from up to 100 miles away. It carries a television camera with a zoom lens and beams its pictures back to its home base. Thus it can be directed to take detailed pictures of a target. South African intelligence sources suggest that similar planes took pictures before the 23 May raid.

The Scout is best known for its use in the Bekaa valley in Lebanon. Not only did it take high quality pictures, but it was also used to trigger the firing of Syrian anti-aircraft missiles. Israel allowed the inexpensive Scouts to be shot down. Other Scouts following on took pictures of the missiles sites. Then Israeli jets flew in to hit these Syrian missile bases.

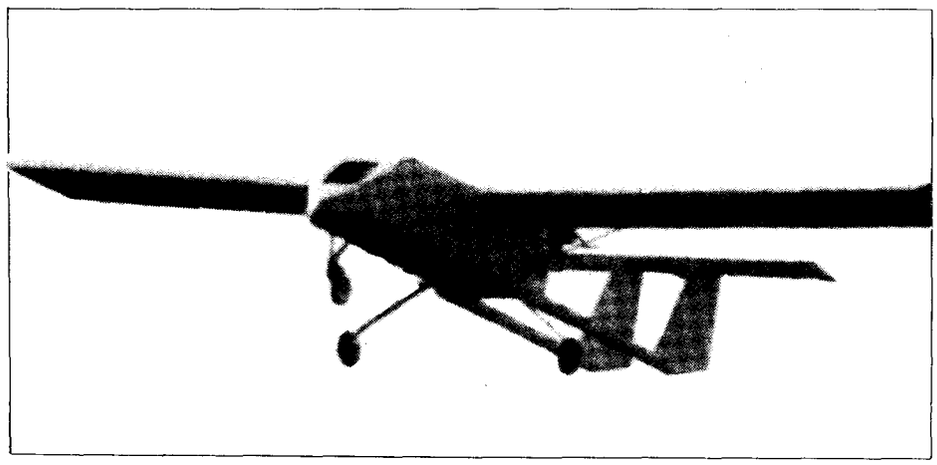
It seems clear that in addition to taking pictures of the damage done in the previous raid, the plane shot down over Maputo was intended to see just how far it had to go to trigger a response from Mozambican anti-aircraft batteries. A second plane followed at a distance of about seven miles and flew away once the first plane had been fired on.

South African planes regularly fly over Mozambican air space, but Mozambique rarely fires on them for fear of escalating the war. In the 23 May raid, the South Africans flew low to avoid Mozambican radar. And that raid was timed to correspond exactly to the landing of Mozambique's regular DC-10 from Paris, which meant Mozambique could not fire its SA-7 heat-seeking missiles for fear of shooting down its own passenger plane. The following week the South African planes stayed in Mozambican air space for an hour, when there were no other flights around, and finally flew over central Maputo, probably for the first time. Only as one approached the Presidential Palace did an anti-aircraft battery fire.

There are close links between Israeli and South African military and arms industries. And both Mozambique and South Africa have publicly cited the Beirut analogy; Maputo is only 40 miles from the South African border, the same distance as Beirut is from Israel.

What is worrying the Mozambicans now is a possible change in South African tactics, following their failure to find any ANC targets on 23 May and their inability to convince the world that a jam factory was in fact an ANC base. It seems probable that South Africa will return to an earlier theme – that it cannot tolerate Soviet missiles near its borders – and has the 'right' to take them out, just as Israel claimed in Lebanon.

This puts Frelimo in a tight bind. Maputo (and thus its air defences) are very close to South Africa's border. The 23 May raid showed that those air defences are already inadequate. More SA-7 missiles, plus better radar and better command systems, are needed. Apparently the East bloc has offered to provide them. But will their installation provoke further raids from South Africa? □

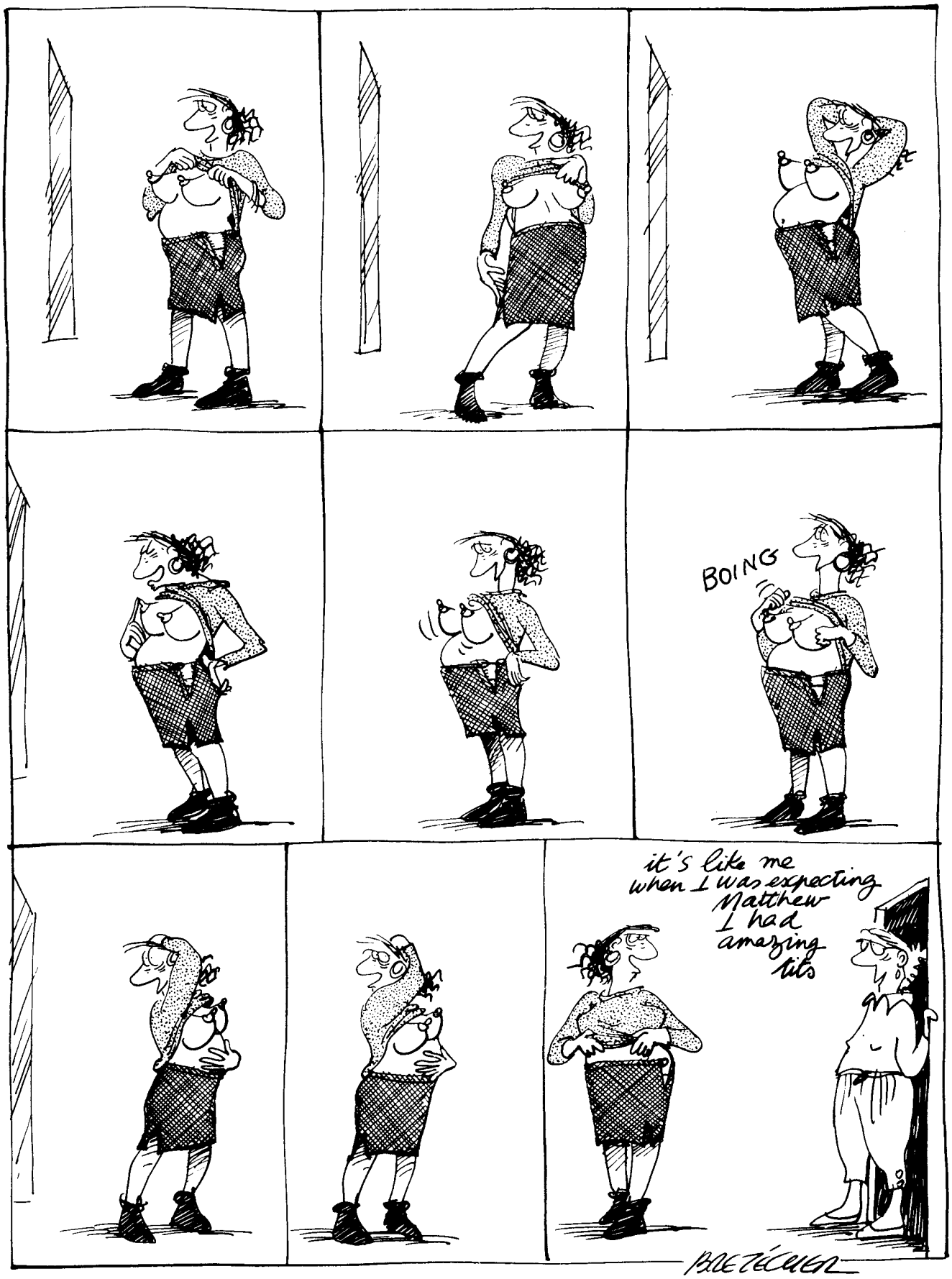


Duncan Campbell adds: *The Israeli spy plane, identified in advertisements as the 'Mastiff', is being openly offered for sale to Third World countries, with the claim that it has 'more combat-operational hours than any other mini-RPV (remotely piloted vehicle) in the world. This advertisement appeared two weeks ago in the* International Defence Review, *a glossy magazine almost entirely filled with arms advertisements, and with a wide, multilingual international circulation. The advertisement illustrates the Mastiff RPV, launch and control vehicles and equipment. A package including 5 RPV is said to cost $5 million.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETÉCHER

GINA



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Geography lesson

Dan van der Vat, The Guardian, *London EC1*

Without presuming to challenge the admirably argued thesis of Anthony Barnett about Britain's 'greatness' (*NS* 17 June), I feel a reminder of the true derivation of the term 'Great Britain', which is linguistic and geographical rather than megalomaniac, would have been useful.

Because Celts from what the Romans called simply 'Britannia' settled in north-west France, that area became known as Bretagne. Thereupon it became necessary to distinguish between the two, which entailed referring in French to the larger as '*Grande* Bretagne', as the Normans did.

Many foreigners, in a tradition dating from Great Britain's long imperial heyday, still believe that the adjective 'great' was adopted to reflect the glory of the country as immodestly perceived by its inhabitants – many of whom were (and remain) happy to go along with the error. Nowadays this is no more than folie de grandeur, as Barnett shows, but it also helps to remember that 'Great Britain' started life as a geographical expression rather than as a value judgment.

Post mortems

Steve Cohen, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

It's amazing. Everybody knows why we lost the election! The Left say we had the right policies but were betrayed by leading right-wingers who must go. The Right say we had the wrong policies which must be changed.

No doubt, as the leadership 'battle' unfolds, it will be increasingly difficult to avoid a Left/Right split. But before we give the Alliance more hope than they deserve, why don't we take a look at those constituencies where we did so much better instead of concentrating on pet theories of why we did so badly?

On Tyneside, for example, in three constituencies the Party's share of the vote improved on the local election results in May. In one the turn-out in May was so low that any swing was meaningless, but in the other two the condidates were both noted left-wingers. However, before anybody jumps to obvious conclusions, Gwyneth Dunwoody also did far better than expected and few people would describe her as a left-winger.

The NEC should: identify those constituencies where we did far better than in May or improved on the BBC/ITN estimate of the 1979 vote; obtain copies of all the leaflets put out; and ask for reports from the Regional Organiser, Candidate and Agent on party activity during the campaign and the preceding 12 months to see if there are any common factors which could usefully be employed in other parts of the country.

Donald Matheson, Warrington

I will tell you a myth. It is one subscribed to by media men, mainly newspaper men, and it says that the media can only reflect attitudes and opinions, but cannot form or change them.

Let me ask you how you think the election would have gone if for the last four years (not even ten, just four) *The Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Mail*, the *Express*, the *Star* and the *Sun* had all supported Labour, attacked the Conservatives, ridiculed Mrs Thatcher and had subscribed to the policy of unilateral disarmament for Britain, and a non-nuclear defence for Europe. You can have the *Daily Mirror* to give half-hearted support for the Tories and the *Guardian* to support 'the centre'.

You must also assume that the BBC had the same attitude to contemporary policies as the first group of dailies mentioned and they therefore vetted, slanted, and exercised 'discrimination' on the news – missing out or downgrading in some cases, adding the views of 'informed experts' and 'informed sources' to make damning comment where necessary.

Do you really think it would have made no difference?

And how on earth do you suppose the Labour Party, even if it does everything else you suggest, will be able 'to explain its position . . . month in, month out' to the electorate unless this imbalance is corrected?

This is not merely a problem for the Labour Party. It is the greatest threat to our democracy that exists, and one to which you should be giving your urgent attention.

Another country

David Sandison, Edinburgh

Regarding Rob Edwards's article 'North of the Border' (*NS* 10 June) (it's called Scotland here) and the demise of the devolution issue, I found it hard to believe that the country I live in is that described in his article.

Having weighed in with a cliché in somewhat poor taste about a bearded youth proferring a Labour Party leaflet to a prostitute, he proceeds to assure your readers that the 'devolution issue', as he patronisingly describes it, is dead. Mr Edwards backs up his claim by asserting various dubious hypotheses which the election results have now refuted. The SNP, we are assured, is moribund – the campaign being waged in Scotland 'has been less distinctively Scottish than on previous occasions'. The SNP, apparently, will be lucky to hold onto their existing seats.

As a psephologist and a pollster, Mr Edwards doesn't really do very well – not only did the SNP hold onto their two seats, they increased their majorities. They also ran the Tories a close second in several other seats. They did not do as well as the Alliance, but surprise, surprise – 'the less distinctively Scottish election' results in a huge majority of anti-Tory votes, leaving the Conservatives almost to be beaten into third place by the Alliance in popular support. This appears to be the exact opposite of the position in the rest of Britain!

What will now happen in Scotland is that the three opposition parties will increasingly use the Tories' lack of a popular mandate to call into question the unpopular policies carried out by them. Whether anything will come of this remains to be seen, but your readers can remain assured that contrary to Mr Edwards's opinion the 'devolution issue' is very much to the fore in Scottish politics.

Commander Graham Stockwell

In the High Court last week settlement was announced of a libel action brought against the *New Statesman* by Commander Stockwell in respect of an article published in our issue of 13 March 1981.

The article contained criticisms of the role played by Commander Stockwell in the investigation in 1972 into the murder of Maxwell Confait and in the inquiry into the fire in Deptford in January 1981 which resulted in the death of 13 young people.

We accept that those criticisms were unfounded and unsustainable. We offer our sincere apologies to Commander Stockwell. In addition we have agreed, in settlement of the libel action, to pay him substantial damages and his legal costs.

Blots on the landscape

Jim Perrin, Gwynedd

The vehemence of Messrs Lowe and Glen in their attacks (Letters 20 May) on my article on the Countryside Commission leaves me somewhat bemused. As far as it went, the piece was an honest attempt to comment on an area which is extremely wide and peculiarly difficult to define. The one major inaccuracy it contained, as Mr Glen rightly points out, was the guess made as to the succession to the presidency of the NCC – William Wilkinson's name being announced coincidentally with the article's publication.

Mr Philip Lowe's assertion that I had 'extensively plagiarised' a study of his is by no means correct. I had been 'leaked' a copy of his report during my researches, with the proviso that I might use the statistics but not cite the source – I observed that condition unwillingly at the time and am now more than grateful to acknowledge that the statistical content of my fifth and sixth paragraphs derives from Mr Lowe (an abstract of whose study, containing the same statistics, appeared in *New Society* 10 Feb).

On the Directorship of the CC, the suggestion I made that Mr Patrick Leonard's appointment was vetoed and a more amenable candidate brought in was based on information from two thoroughly well informed and unbiased sources, and I remain convinced that some form of backdoor diplomacy went on over this. Also, Mrs John Hooson may never have *served* as a Commissioner, but, according to a 1981 press release from the RA, she was an appointee.

I offer my apologies to Derek Barber, a likeable man who is trying to do a difficult job according to his own lights, for having omitted his presidency of the RSPB, but would add that the recent exclusivist bias in that organisation is not much to my liking either. And (*pace* Mr Glen) however admirable the Farming and Wildlife Advisory Group may be, it is a very small step in a very important right direction.

Neither of your correspondents goes beyond carping counter-assertion to make any substantial attempt to refute the very serious charges of political fixing, selective consultation and considerable changes of policy and emphasis (barely contained within statutory obligations) which are being made with increasing frequency against the Countryside Commission. Perhaps, in throwing out this sort of smoke-screen response, they are endeavouring to disguise its metamorphosis. Certainly, as such a response might indicate, the article was nearer the mark than they would have us believe. After all, is not the disavowal of a Tory tantamount to the affirmation of a truth, as we have seen with Thatcher's Government time and again?

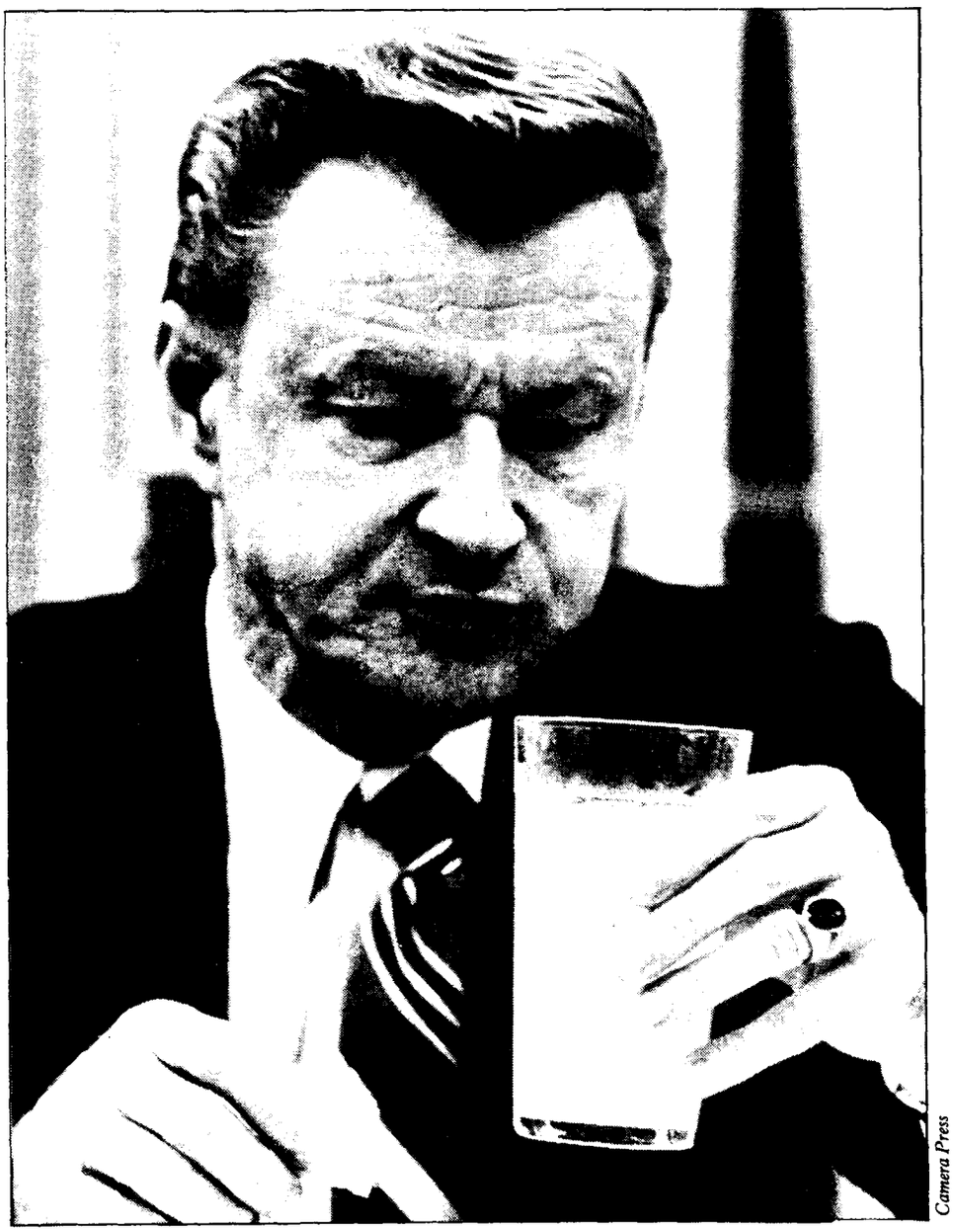
Finally, as Mr Glen points out, I did not check quotations with the Chairman before publication – he would hardly have desired anything so unselfconsciously damning to be printed – though I have them on tape for examination if required. Nor, incidentally, did the CC check with me before using recorded material in their 'Uplands Debate' audio-visual presentation. One courtesy for the Tories . . ?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Godfrey Hodgson

Grand vizier

Power and Principle: Memoirs of the National Security Adviser 1977-1981
ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI *Weidenfeld* £15



Camera Press

Not 'wavering in resolve'

For the greater part of 20 years, from 1961 to 1981, the immensely powerful job of national security adviser to the President of the United States was held by four men men: McGeorge Bundy, Walt Whitman Rostow, Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski.

Four utterly different men; yet the similarities between them are arresting. None of the four had more than a brief youthful experience of the grandeur and servitude of government service, either military or civilian. None had any experience of elected office. All four came from élite private universities in the north-eastern corner of the United States; more relevantly, all emerged from what is euphemistically known as the 'foreign policy community', a hive of genteel hustlers that exists to influence America's relations with the world.

It would be foolish to cantilever too much sociological speculation on a sample of four; but it is interesting that each of the four is an intensely ambitious man who had reason to believe that his origins precluded him from success in American electoral politics: Bundy as a scion of the dispossessed Boston Brahmin oligarchy, Rostow as the child of Jewish socialists, Kissinger and Brzezinski as foreign-born. The outsider cannot aspire to be emperor; he can be the vizier.

All, in any case, arrived in Washington billed (perhaps on insufficient evidence) as more or less 'liberal' intellectuals; that is, as relatively moderate, comparatively free from chauvinism. Each was transformed in the White House into a high priest of a Bismarckian notion of the State as Will and Power.

For most of those 20 years, the White House national security adviser, moreover, has been, if not clearly the second most important person in Washington after the President, then certainly an unquestioned member of the tiny school of players at the top table. It might seem obvious that this should be so. Yet, in fact, there is only the sketchiest constitutional warrant for what was intended, when the post was created by Truman, to be a staff job, and has turned into a great office of state. The national security adviser, if endowed with energy and determination, can make both the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defence in effect his subordinates.

Each of the four Grand Viziers used his opportunities in different ways. Bundy was the faceless chief of staff, deferential but all-powerful. Rostow was intellectually volatile, a man of enthusiasms. Unfortunately for him, and for others, one of these was the application of the doctrine of counter-insurgency in South-East Asia. Kissinger was obsessed with personal power and prestige, with clout and glamour. Zbig Brzezinski tells us in his memoirs that his own career in the White House was guided by the twin lode-stars of American power and American principles.

It is tempting to say that until the closing pages there is more in Brzezinski's memoirs about impotence and personalities than about principles and power. There is certainly plenty of sour digging at *bêtes noires* like the Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, and the West German chancellor, Helmut Schmidt. Brzezinski starts out by saying that he hoped 'to be helpful' to Vance 'in conceptual terms', which is foreign policy-speak for saying 'Vance was inexperienced and not too bright'. His venom towards Schmidt is only partially explained by his suspicion that Schmidt tried to get Carter to fire him. The more serious charge in Brzezinski's eyes seemed to be that Schmidt was trying to do the one thing that is regarded as unforgivable in Washington: to offer his services as a mediator between the United States and the Soviet Union. From Harold Macmillan to Helmut Kohl, anything of the kind always brings out unlimited scorn and anger, perhaps because the Wash-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ington foreign policy community regards the idea that Western Europe might have an independent role to play in the world as even more threatening than the prospect of glacial relations with Moscow.

From the point of view of the successful exertion of American power in Bismarckian terms, the Carter-Brzezinski years were certainly a nadir. They saw a cautious revival of Soviet adventurism in Africa and the Middle East, culminating in the invasion of Afghanistan. As a result of a whole series of blunders and misunderstandings of which the neutron bomb affair was only the most outrageous, the Western alliance's fabric of trust unravelled dangerously. The President failed to persuade the Senate to ratify the painfully negotiated SALT treaty. And the Carter presidency came to an end in the humiliating circumstances of the Teheran hostage affair, itself the consequence of a scarcely credible series of errors of conception and execution.

Poor Brzezinski makes the best of this largely sorry tale. He seems torn between the desire to claim that the Administration's record was not so bad after all, and the urge to blame others for what went wrong, though to do him credit he is loyal, perhaps too loyal, to Carter, with whom he obviously developed a relationship of uncomprehending but real human warmth.

He makes a good deal of the 'normalisation' of relations with China, though in truth the Carter Administration's achievement in that respect was very secondary to that of Nixon and Kissinger, itself vastly exaggerated. The episode does provide the book with one of its few good jokes.

Jimmy Carter chided Deng Xiaoping about China's record on human rights. He pleaded with Deng to be more flexible about allowing the Chinese to emigrate.

'Fine', said Deng. 'We'll let them go. Are you prepared to accept ten million?'

And, of course, Brzezinski makes the most of the Camp David achievement. Four years later, Sadat was dead, assassinated in part because he was a signatory to Camp David. And Menachem Begin was invading Lebanon, threatening war with Syria, and sprinkling the Palestinian homeland with new Jewish settlements.

What is most startling is the harshly militant tone of Brzezinski's policy. Trade with the Soviet Union is called 'financing Soviet expansion'. He speaks of the need to 'nip in the bud' arms control initiatives, and of his wish for 'a big new missile'. The Western Europeans must be shown that the United States is not 'wavering in resolve'. And Brzezinski makes it plain that he favoured a military coup d'etat in Iran before the Shah fell, and 'retaliatory action', including the taking of counter-hostages, after the Teheran embassy fell.

These are the memoirs of an intelligent and in some ways likeable man, with the ethical code and political conceptions of a rather conservative Polish cavalry officer, placed in charge of the nuclear and conventional forces of the United States. In some ways, perhaps, it is fortunate that we are still around to read them. □

WOMEN & PEACE
Sarah Benton

Chain letters

Over Our Dead Bodies
ed. DOROTHY THOMPSON *Virago* £2.95
Keeping the Peace
ed. LYNNE JONES *Women's Press* £3.60

It is not the fear of their own unavoidably sudden death which has led so many women to see the peace movement as carrying their most heartfelt hopes and fears; in itself, death from the annihilating blast of nuclear bombs cannot be worse than death under the wheels of a bus. But almost every essay in these two books makes it clear that here and now the planning for nuclear war, and its monstrous offspring nuclear 'defence', hugely distorts and corrupts our economy, our democracy and, most crushingly, our human purpose. Long before any destruction of the world seems likely, we live day by day with the denial that we can create a better world, and that is intolerable.

Now this sort of 'unsophisticated' expression of political belief, shown most clearly in **Keeping the Peace,** sits uncomfortably in the traditional political stomach. But there is little doubt that the energy of the women's peace movement stems precisely from the rejection of the over-processed Left diet; the freedom to speak about life and death and human purpose may not sway NATO generals but it has been liberating for many women. Since its resurgence in 1978 CND has gallantly continued to insist that it is a 'single issue movement'. For many of its women adherents, nothing could be further from the truth. As a Dutch woman writes, in *Keeping the Peace*, of discovering the women's peace movement:

> Eureka: At last a movement to link weapons and hunger, materialism, egotism and want of power and all the things that are wrong in the world.

'Eco-feminists', reports Leonie Caldecott in the same volume, 'often speak of the violence which permeates the world, making connections between rape and militarism, pornography and pollution, competition and Cruise missiles'.

Each tug on this ominous chain reveals another of the world's horrors. It is headed by male supremacy, a system in which men pursue power, wealth and abstract ideas, and entails female subjection, the denial of emotion and the destructive exploitation of 'Nature'. This is not, yet, a theoretical argument. And sceptics will want something more certain than, for instance, the claim from Nottingham WONT in *Keeping the Peace* that 'if we can uncover the links between the arms race and male supremacy, a feminist society and a peaceful world will both be a little closer'.

What this book may lack, however, in an analysis of power as exercised by governments, police or male scientists, it makes up for in vivid descriptions of how women in the USA and Northern Europe have evolved their own peace movement. In the article by Eva Quistorp, from West Germany, we do hear the rare sound of public irritation with the lack of clear organisation and direction for the movement. What we cannot hear is the voice of the woman who may feel uneasy about cruise and Trident and nuclear arms but would rather look and live like Margaret Thatcher than like a woman from a peace camp. For the danger of a movement that, more than any other in recent history, is founded on turning subjective political fears and longings into a dynamic movement for total change, is that it becomes the medium for those feelings only; the movement that embraces every issue in the world becomes one that excludes the faint-hearted masses.

Over Our Dead Bodies carries a wider and terser range of articles; less easy to read straight through at one sitting than *Keeping the Peace*, and less stirring, its range makes it the best text-book on what we need to know to defend ourselves against our defenders. Its score of articles appear to be specifically designed to counter government arguments: on civil defence and the effects of nuclear power and democracy, though surprisingly there is no serious counter to the government's most cherished claim that only the nuclear deterrent has prevented war in Europe for the last 38 years. Even a cursory glance at military conflicts especially in and against the Third World would have been useful. Other articles put the 'alternatives' and the 'positives', though the positive ritual celebration of Moscow's clean underground and lack of commercialised sex left me as mystified as ever about the relation between the book-loving, peace-aspiring Russian people described and their unmentioned political processes.

Perhaps propaganda without malice or hatred is an impossible form and in this volume it is the superb and angry polemicist Angela Carter who succeeds best. Two of the most educative articles are those which have no explicit propaganda purpose: Hilary Wainwright's venture inside the armaments factories to talk to some of the women who work in this most prestigious of industries; and Jill Liddington's welcome account of those suffragettes who, resisting the embrace of militarism, persisted in seeing peace and international relations as a feminist vocation.

Outside this, we are left with the psychosexual view of history, frustrating for those who want to see how history moves as a whole but nonetheless chillingly compelling. How about this, quoted in Connie Mansueto's article, for the justification by Attlee of why Britain took the momentous decision to develop its own nuclear deterrent: 'They [the Americans] were rather apt to think they were the big boys and we were the small boys; we'd just got to show them they didn't know everything.' No wonder women's innocence has seemed a better safeguard than the puerility of Labour nationalism. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alistair Elliot

Bless the bed that I lie on

(i.m. Marion Elliot, née Margaret Stewart; Drumbeg, 1859 – Lochmore, 1955)

The history of this blanket's partly known:
You made it – starting not from yarn but wool
Sheared perhaps from a known sheep in Glencoul,
And lichen, from the ultrabasic stone.

But is it older than your grandson? – made
Before your blindness, when you were a wife,
In the middle of your long pseudonymous life?
Or in my teens, when you were half a shade?

Is it your photograph I recall, or you,
In black against a white wall in the sun
Turning your wheel?

I'd like to think you spun
And dyed and wove my blanket in Glendhu,
Still in the drystone park like paradise
In summer

– even that it kept you warm
That night beside your husband's mortal form,
Waiting together for the sun to rise.

USA
Mervyn Jones

Negative voices

Writers and Politics: A Partisan Review Reader
ed. EDITH KURZWEIL and WILLIAM PHILLIPS
Routledge £8.95

Founded in the 1930s, *Partisan Review* – whose back numbers provide the material for this collection of essays – occupied from the start an ambiguous position. Some of the people associated with it were (card-carrying or otherwise) Trotskyites; that is, they subscribed to the politics of revolutionary socialism and regarded official Communism as a betrayal of its ideals. Others were liberals, and – a contribution by Daniel Bell states their position lucidly – were lukewarm about any kind of socialism that went beyond welfare for the needy. In the cultural sphere, some agreed with Alfred Kazin that aesthetic criticism should be concerned 'explicitly, fightingly, with an ideal of man', while others found this sort of commitment crude or even dangerous. The only point of unity was a negative: *Partisan Review* was anti-Communist (or, as it was said in the early days, anti-Stalinist).

The difficulties of establishing a positive stance stem, to a large extent, from the background of American realities. In a 1980 discussion reprinted at the end of this book, Nathan Glazer says: 'I was a socialist in my youth – as who was not?' The answer to this question, of course, is '99 per cent of the American people', and another speaker, raised in the part of California that produced Richard Nixon, pointed out that he'd never heard of socialism until he came East. The intellectual environment that generated *Partisan Review*, in fact, was strictly that of New York, and America appeared foreshortened, as in the famous *New Yorker* cover. Sooner or later, Glazer and his ilk had to come to terms with living in a country that lacked a Bevan, a Mendès-France or a Brandt, and whose working class (a term, incidentally, not in general American usage) tended to view socialism as an unidentified flying object.

Hence, the *PR* group were determined to be on the Left, but hadn't much to be Left about except their anti-Communism. William Barrett, in a recapitulatory letter to the editors, writes: 'In 1946, when I joined you on *PR*, I found you already engaged in the cold war, which I promptly joined. You were politically avant-garde then.' He adds that the US government's response to Russian expansionism was 'tardy and faltering'. This is a wildly subjective re-writing of history, since the Cold War had started practically when Harry Truman took the presidential oath, it readily commended itself to a political consensus that was anything but avant-garde, and it certainly didn't depend on the Washington circulation of *PR*. However, it was the first step on a path that has led these pioneers into many difficulties. Plainly, McCarthyism was wrong, the Bay of Pigs was wrong, the Vietnam War was wrong, and today what Reagan is doing in El Salvador is wrong, but the anti-Communist justification for these unlovely outgrowths isn't wrong.

The anti-Communist obsession induces, too, a re-writing of literary history. The editors tell us in their introduction:

> Such novelists as Malraux (in his later work), Koestler, Orwell and Solzhenitsyn were quite direct and explicit in their politics, which consisted essentially of a probe of the Communist mentality.

Malraux gets a rap on the knuckles for 'unfortunately' failing to be anti-Communist in *L'Espoir*, his novel about the Spanish Civil War, but Silone is praised for describing 'the demoralizing effects of Communist manipulation on the simpler Italian people'. Actually, we know from Bernard Crick how firmly Orwell rejected the narrow anti-Communist interpretation of *1984*; it's arbitrary and selective to stress Malraux's later work; Koestler wrote far more than *Darkness at Noon*; and Silone's one enduring work is his anti-Fascist *Fontamara*.

In the bitter verbal battles of the 1930s, the Communists used to predict that the Trotskyites and anti-Communist liberals would end up, not even in the soft centre of American politics, but on the Right. This was resented as a slander, but it didn't take long for Sidney Hook and James Burnham to move into a conservative position, and no positive anchor exists to restrain anyone who was 'a socialist in his youth' from such a drift. The subject of the discussion to which Glazer contributed was in fact conservatism, or neo-conservatism as some (though the conservatives object to this) call it; and conservatism is not analysed from a stance of assumed opposition, as in Raphael Samuel's recent articles in the *NS*, but considered as a doctrine that *PR* veterans may or may not embrace. William Phillips, *PR*'s co-editor, tells the meeting that conservatives 'must be responding to or putting their finger on some problems in our society that are not being responded to properly by liberals and the Left'. One could say, with equal truth, that Mrs Thatcher is putting her finger on themes that embarrass the Left, but one would scarcely see the staff of the *NS* engaging in a debate on whether or not to vote Tory.

This is for the most part a depressing collection of melancholy musings, without the fire of partisanship, without much wit or sparkle, and – one has to say – without notable intellectual distinction. Regarded as a sign of the times, it inevitably makes one feel sad about America. Or, I should say, about New York. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION
Grace Ingoldby

Young dogs

The Collected Stories
DYLAN THOMAS *Dent* £8.50
Running in the Family
MICHAEL ONDAATJE *Gollancz* £7.95
Open the Door
ROSEMARY MANNING *Cape* £7.95

A vision of Dylan Thomas, looking back with longing, looking at and for himself, listening out for the 'far, high cry of boys', is the lasting impression left by this belated **Collected Stories** – overdue because he was a poet *and* a prose writer and because earlier, bitty Dent publications did not serve him well. A collection is always more than the sum of its parts and this one contains within it the germs of a cubist portrait of the artist, a picture that corrects, alters and simultaneously complicates the view of this, in any case, protean, chameleon man.

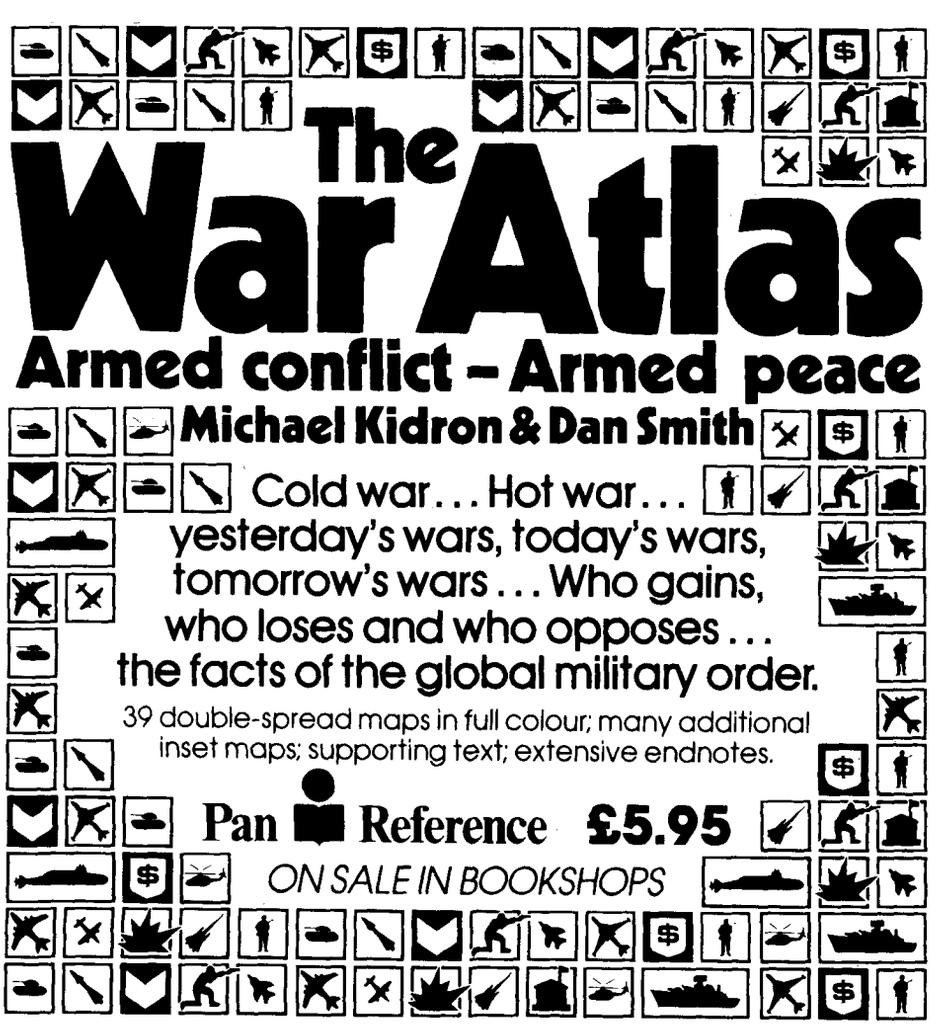
To read the work sequentially is to discover Thomas finding his prose-writing muscles, flexing them with genius and sadly, eventually, using them to throw his weight about a bit. The early work, once condemned as obscene, explores an interior world bordered by the massive Jarvis Hills in a series of poetic visions dark and sticky with sex. Here a terror of images spill and slosh from the bucket, incest in calf-high heather, cold murder contemplated in the kitchen: unrefined and startling are the themes used to such advantage later in the poetry; and of course for the child with too much imagination 'for his own good' alone in the darkness of an unfamiliar house, the night is 'as big as a hill' and the door to the proverbial woodshed swings ajar. Thomas's preoccupation, absorption, with his own reflection, 'the Rimbaud of Cwmdonkin Drive', the man 'wearing a conscious Woodbine', is best translated in the 'Young Dog' stories. Here are the unselfconscious classics, compassionate, fresh and very funny (who doesn't long to hurl gravel at men in panamas, to scrawl 'Bum!' over the house named 'Kia-Ora'?), radiating enthusiasm and delight in the telling.

Correctly he distrusted his growing facility with prose, and the proposed novel *Adventures in the Skin Trade* follows 'Portrait' unfinished, falling between two stools. In the later work, with its Christmas uncles and 'few small aunts not needed in the kitchen', one senses ageing in the 'Young Dog', enthusiasm wilting slightly, technique brought on as reserve. Always this collection subliminally tracks and reveals the poet who knew so well that, 'The force that through the green fuse drives the flower . . . is my destroyer': in this context the broadcast 'Return Journey' (1947), though unashamedly sentimental, is also very sad. Thomas searches for himself in Swansea, the girls remember him, 'Mr Glad-Eye' in his father's trilby. The park is empty but the Keeper too 'knew him in his thousands. I think he was happy all the time. What has become of him now? Dead, dead, dead . . .' The collection includes a useful list of sources and a sound introduction by Leslie Norris. Not before time!

Running in the Family is an outstandingly evocative, semi-autobiographical account of a journey back to the beginning, to Ceylon where Ondaatje was born into a privileged group of mixed Dutch, Tamil and Sinhalese origins. Created from asides, snapshots, poems, glimpses, in every way unorthodox and incomplete, it falls magically on to the page with all the grace of a billowing, seamless dress. Remarkably the pace of this rattle-bag record is gently compelling, dictated as much by the memories of aunts reminiscing through the long afternoon enclosed within the circumference of the fan, as by the climate and nature of Ceylon itself; the heat which hugs like an animal, the downpour that 'hits the garden like a fist'.

Ondaatje's emphasis seems arbitrary but frequently hits the mark: Grandmother Lalla stealing flowers, betting on everything that moves, her hat at a rakish angle, her false breast worn on her back 'for dancing'. Father, a shy man, the joker, infamous drunk who stopped the Jaffna train, author of the poultry pamphlet detailing the ping-pong method of snake control, sad daddy burying bottles in the lawn. Dancing to *A Fine Romance* on the flat rock at Gasanawa, the day they had to let the bishop drive the Fiat because no one dared sit on his lap . . . Like all classic writing the motion of this book lingers on, like the movement of a boat, long after the last pages. 'In the end', Ondaatje writes, 'all your children move among the scattered acts and memories with no more clues', but what is achieved here should not be underestimated.

In **Open the Door** an ill-assorted archaeological team are seen sifting through the past in more ways than 17; the dig is dangerously situated in Wales of the 'forever brooding' variety where the Celtic Fringe (in need of a trim?) gets in everyone's eyes, making them either weep or see anew. It is perhaps because the characters, explored through interior monologue, have such fine reasons for behaving badly that one cannot forgive them at all. Ralph, a drunk, confronts his past; the 'Prof' is crabby because, always the archaeologist, he cannot bear to bury his dead son. The 'unutterably lovely' Gwyneth, representing Wales, has a problem and, looking sexy in the trench, unintentionally creates a dilemma for the ambitious Alan who rather resembles the Prof's dead son . . . Manning writes evenly and thoughtfully but, just as the finds on site are unspectacular, so this novel, that promises such deep and murky waters, scarcely covers the shoulders. □


The War Atlas
Armed conflict – Armed peace
Michael Kidron & Dan Smith
Cold war... Hot war...
yesterday's wars, today's wars,
tomorrow's wars... Who gains,
who loses and who opposes...
the facts of the global military order.
39 double-spread maps in full colour; many additional
inset maps; supporting text; extensive endnotes.
Pan Reference £5.95
ON SALE IN BOOKSHOPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andropov

ZHORES MEDVEDEV *Basil Blackwell* £7.50

Zhores Medvedev has produced this book with astonishing speed. Brezhnev died on 10 November 1982; this account of Andropov was completed in January 1983. Considering the haste, it is a remarkably successful piece of writing. Medvedev examines the struggle over the succession to Brezhnev, traces Andropov's rise through the Soviet bureaucracy, analyses the achievements of the new leadership so far and attempts to predict a little what changes he will make.

On the succession struggle, Medvedev is superb. Western observers have been perplexed by the fact that it has been so brief. Andropov emerged as undisputed Soviet leader within days. Medvedev provides a coherent and convincing explanation of this. In his view, the succession struggle had been going on since 1975, when Brezhnev had his first serious stroke. It was really all over by May 1982, when Andropov moved to the position of Second Secretary, after Suslov's death. The crucial factors in Andropov's success were: the general contempt for Chernenko, Brezhnev's protégé and chosen successor; and the support of Ustinov and the army (who were thoroughly annoyed with Brezhnev's habit of awarding himself undeserved military medals).

Medvedev's account is full of fascinating gossip. For example, Galina, Brezhnev's daughter, arrested shortly before for diamond smuggling, appeared at his funeral discreetly surrounded by KGB officers dressed to look like members of the family and ready to stifle her if she screamed. Medvedev's stories can't be verified, but, through his brother Roy, still living in Moscow, he has direct access to inside information. The other parts of the book are less exciting. The section on Andropov's past is interesting but colourless, a reflection of the meagre facts available. Medvedev is perhaps rather soft on Andropov – he finds excuses for his role in the suppression of the Hungarian revolution of 1956.

Medvedev's discussion of Andropov as Soviet leader is adequate, but necessarily thin. Andropov is a disciplinarian, not a reformer, a man of puritanical tastes. He refuses to admit that the problems of Soviet society are structural and hopes to increase efficiency by clamping down on corruption and waste. The most interesting question, and one that Medvedev does not touch on, is surely what happens after Andropov. He's old, he's ill and he can't last long. The clique of old men in the Kremlin is shrinking fast. When Andropov dies they may lose their grip on Soviet policy. Then change will occur, though perhaps not for the better.

Olga Semenova

Napoleon: Abel Gance's Classic Film

KEVIN BROWNLOW *Cape* £10.95

I go to the theatre far more than to the cinema because it is usually easier to learn from reviews what one is surrendering oneself to; all too often in the cinema I am appalled at the disproportion between technique and thought. When I saw the Edinburgh Festival revival of Gance's *Napoleon*, however, I had the rare experience of utter surprise and elation. One had seen far more than an image of what cinema might have become; one had seen a lost masterpiece of modern European culture.

Any who saw the film will be aware, from the programme, of Kevin Brownlow's obsession to recover and restore the lost footage, to recreate something like the film that first appeared in Paris in 1927. Now he has written a fascinating account of his own search and of how Gance made the film, together with the subsequent sad history of its mutilation and neglect. He is entitled to blow his own trumpet and he blows it well.

He is such an enthusiast, however, that there are two remarkable omissions: any discussion of the meaning and content of the film and any account of Gance's intellectual background. 'I have pored over reviews of the première', he remarks, 'trying to find a perceptive critic who expressed unqualified enthusiasm, but I was unable to find one.' He singles out for scorn one who said that it was 'a Bonaparte for apprentice Fascists'. But if the reader had been reminded that Gance was a self-taught disciple of Nietzsche this remark would have seemed less off-beam.

Napoleon is a celebration of the heroic and encapsulates the full, awful ambiguity of the claim – which could link both Left and Right in France between the two world wars – that Napoleon was the heir and purifier of the Revolution not its betrayer. Gance once wrote, 'Enthusiasm is essential to the cinema . . . The cinema is a flame in the shadows fed by enthusiasm. This is why enthusiasm is everything to me.'

Such was his view of politics, too. But the humanistic voice must ask, 'enthusiasm for what?' Is *any* heroic commitment good, authentic? *Napoleon* is a great work of art. One can resist it only afterwards, coming out from the flaming shadows into the sunlight. But its content is foul and muddied.

Bernard Crick

Nuclear War and Nuclear Peace

GERALD SEGAL, EDWINA MORETON, LAWRENCE FREEDMAN, JOHN BAYLIS *Macmillan* £17.50 & £5.95

Is there room, between the 'extremist positions' of the nuclear debate, for policies of the 'radical centre'? It is certainly possible to recognise (as these authors do) the horror of nuclear war, and to doubt whether the Russians are bent on world conquest, without joining CND. And some of the specific proposals of *Nuclear War and Nuclear Peace* are indeed quite radical: NATO should phase out battlefield nuclear weapons, the security of the USA might be enhanced if it unilaterally scrapped its land-based missiles.

But the book, radical or not, fails in its intention of engaging in 'honest and open debate' with the anti-nuclear movement because its writers comprehend neither the movement's nature nor the premises of its case. For Segal *et al*, deterrence is the only *modus vivendi*, given that we know how to make the bomb. But this is no more than an assumption, and one which assumes precisely what is at issue: that deterrence is intrinsically stable, that it will go on working, that it is not in truth a *modus moriendi*. Similarly, the authors' narrow conception of politics (for them, the term denotes simply east-west confrontation) blinds them to the meaning of today's disarmament campaigns, which mount a challenge *within* nuclear states to the predominance of military power.

What we have, in short, is not so much an avoidance of extremes as an inability to confront fundamental choices. Any tincture of radicalism is dissolved away in copious draughts of familiar wisdom: we are to trust in arms control (despite a record whose bleakness even Edwina Moreton cannot disguise), we are to resist the 'moral absolutism' which rejects on principle the instruments of mass murder, and (like David Owen, though unlike David Steele) we are to accept that Britain 'on balance' needs its own H-bombs. Indeed, concludes John Baylis (if anything can be called conclusive in his classically 'balanced' discussion of the issue), Trident 'may well be the most cost-effective system available'. Welcome to the 'radical centre'.

M. H. Ryle

Mary Berenson: A Self-Portrait from her Letters and Diaries

ed. BARBARA STRACHEY and JAYNE SAMUELS *Gollancz* £12.95

This book constitutes a portrait of Mary Berenson, Bernard Berenson's wife, formed from edited selections of her voluminous correspondence and her diaries. It is not an attractive picture. In many ways she was self-centred and unscrupulous, surprising since she was one of two daughters born into the Pearsall Smith family, Philadelphia Quakers. Her sister Alys married famously, too, becoming the first Mrs Bertrand Russell.

Mary possessed little humility. 'I can become one of the most important people in my own profession, as well as one of the most interesting women to cultured people.' She capitalised on both counts in her long liaison with, and eventual marriage to, Bernard Berenson, encouraging him to arrange many Italian Renaissance picture deals with parvenu American millionaires through intermediaries such as Colnaghi's and Duveen Brothers. The American patroness of art, Mrs Isabella Gardner, was, her husband suspected, taken for several rides. From Duveen's Berenson took 25% of the profits on the sale of each picture he gave advice on. Mary was never lacking in astute financial sense.

She succeeded in mixing with the cultured and famous. Artists, writers and intellectuals trooped through the gardens and libraries of *I Tatti*, the Berensons' Florentine villa. She had no time for the rest of humanity. 'I am terribly bored, dearest Bernhard, and sick with disgust at the stupidity and boringness of most people.' She found her first husband boring, abandoned him and their two daughters in London, and went off with BB.

Strong-willed, witty, but selfish, altogether not a very pleasant woman, she emerges as the malign genius who turned Berenson into a wheeler-dealer rather than a pure scholar. But then, were it not for her, Harvard would not now have its Art History Institute at *I Tatti*.

Brian Martin

A Visitor's Guide to China

ELIZABETH MORRELL *Michael Joseph* £8.95

This is not a good guide for group travellers to China and is to be avoided if you're going on your own. There are too many wrong details and not enough right ones. She's off on the population of China by several years and three or four hundred million people. The historical and political sections are a bland whitewash. No one died in the Cultural Revolution, according to Morrell, and it is an honour to enlist in the army or join the Party. China itself makes no such claims. Independent travellers, who go there in their thousands nowadays, will find no information here about cheap travel or cheap hotels and hostels. For the north-west of the country the information is so scanty that one wonders if the author really went there. There *is* an air service to Dunhuang, there is *more* than one bus route, and when you get there most of the Buddhist caves, which you came halfway round the world to see, are padlocked shut. If a guide book is that useless for one of the most famous tourist targets in the world, you'd be better off using the nine pounds for the down-payment on a heavy, outdated, but informative Nagel.

Jonathan Mirsky

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION
Bob Woffinden

Medium news

See It Happen: The Making of ITN
GEOFFREY COX *Bodley Head* £12.95
In the Culture of the Eye: Ten Years of Weekend World
MICHAEL TRACEY *Hutchinson* £8.95

Until the mid-Fifties BBC news bulletins were simply read over a caption card by an unseen, anonymous announcer. This was the only method, so it was believed at the time, which guaranteed a genuinely disinterested presentation.

The arrival of commercial television in 1955 prompted a more ambitious approach. Independent Television News (ITN) was established to provide the news service for the infant network. It was financed, with some reluctance, by the individual programme companies and, like them, was responsible to the ITA (now IBA). ITN's first editor, Aidan Crawley, resigned after just 14 months when both his air-time and his budget were threatened in turn.

His successor, (Sir) Geoffrey Cox, pursued the course on which Crawley was already embarked. The news was shown visually – *see* it happen – and was presented by 'newscasters', journalists who had themselves helped prepare it; (Sir) Robin Day and Ludovic Kennedy were among the first of this new breed of communicator. Interestingly, although the BBC matched, and to some extent anticipated, ITN's visual approach, it was only in 1981 that journalists were used exclusively for the main bulletins.

Further, Cox encouraged an informal presentation, which contrasted favourably with the BBC's High Church aloofness. ITN took up a position below the salt, and shared the news with its audience. Indeed, the public itself became news, as ITN cameras sought out facets of British society – East End weddings, for example – which TV had not previously stooped to examine.

ITN also went – not boldly, but stealthily – where TV had not been before: into the political fray. By demonstrating that it was possible to cover elections in a non-partisan spirit, ITN undermined the taboos which had hitherto precluded TV coverage of electoral contests. The 1959 general election was the first to be televised.

Throughout these years, ITN was underfinanced (there had been no money to send a sound film crew to Suez in 1956) and, at least in its own backyard, under-appreciated. Bulletins were scheduled at 10.45 p.m., hardly peak viewing, and lasted 13 minutes. There was inevitably a haemorrhaging of talent; both Kennedy and Day in turn joined the BBC's *Panorama*.

It was partly to stem this flow, and partly to take advantage of technological developments (in particular, satellites) which dramatically increased the availability of worldwide news film that Cox began to campaign for a half-hour news bulletin. At first, the ITV companies refused to play ball. Neither was the IBA, apparently as feckless then as it remains today, much help.

The battle was won nevertheless, and *News at Ten* took its place in the schedules in July 1967. All the early programmes were relayed from studios so small and hot that only the presence of numerous trays of ice-cubes prevented Alistair Burnet and Co. from passing out. Despite such primitive air-conditioning, and to the amazement of many in commercial TV, *News at Ten* regularly won respectable audience ratings.

Cox, who left ITN in 1968, comes across as a product of his times: honest, forthright, not enamoured of flashiness. (He refers to one of his newscasters as 'too straightforward to find favour with the trendy producers of *24 Hours* and other cult BBC programmes'.) He was assiduous in protecting both his journalists and his programmes from official interference. Although he is candid about the sins of omission of the news organisations – referring in particular to Northern Ireland – he scorns theories about media bias. **See It Happen** includes much of interest about the formative years of commercial television, but has altogether too cosy (and, perhaps, outmoded) a view of the vexed relationship between the media and the political process.

LONDON Weekend Television's *Weekend World* was inspired by the notion that TV's existing news and current affairs coverage was lamentably inadequate. Issues were neither explained properly nor explored deeply enough. *WW*'s original producer and presenter were John Birt and Peter Jay, and it was out of their shared experiences that their resonant 'bias against understanding' theories were formulated.

In the Culture of the Eye, a poor tribute to an outstanding programme, explains the genesis of *WW*: how it was born in 1972 out of a need to give a measure of credibility to a rattled programme company; how it has evolved under four producers and two respected presenters (Brian Walden, of course, being the present incumbent); and how the programme team in a sense reversed the process which Cox had developed at ITN, by eschewing TV's preoccupation with moving pictures and re-emphasising language as the primary communication tool.

Paradoxically, Tracey fails to apply the very concepts he is supposedly celebrating. Not only is the title of the book itself completely uninformative, but basic information such as the reduction in *WW*'s transmission time from 90 to 60 minutes is omitted. *WW* attempts to explain issues in their fullest context. This book examines the programme in isolation. There is no more than a fleeting reference to the current affairs output of the rest of television, although BBC-2's *Newsnight* was a response to the Birt-Jay thesis.

Most crucially, there is nothing about audience reaction to the programmes. Does *WW* actually increase public understanding of political issues? Tracey feels that, however populist its original aims, *WW* is bound to appeal only to an élite. Perhaps he's right, but since this is the kernel of the problem, with profound implications for the democratic process, his attitude seems bland and defeatist, and in any case begs the question of whether *WW* should be seeking merely to educate the educated, to inform the informed.

In the Culture is also handicapped by inept editing. Personalities are sometimes awarded Christian names and official positions, and sometimes deprived of both. In the case of 'Healey' the reader can get by on his own; in the case of a certain 'McNeil', he can't. There are innumerable infelicities of phrasing which, in a book devoted to explaining the primacy of language, are nothing if not ironical. □

Among this week's contributors:

GODFREY HODGSON'S books include *All Things to All Men*, a study of the American Presidency.

MERVYN JONES, the novelist, is a former Deputy Editor of the *NS*.

BRIAN MARTIN is the author of *Newman: His Life and Work* (1983).

ANNA COOTE, formerly of the *NS*, works for Channel 4.

THE ISLAMIC PERSPECTIVE

'Aspects of British Design and Architecture in the 19th Century'

• From 1 June-23 July (inclusive) at LEIGHTON HOUSE, HOLLAND PARK RD, LONDON W14 Mon-Fri 11 am-6 pm Sat 11 am-5 pm. Admission free.
• Supporting lectures on 21, 22, 29 June and 20 July at 7 pm sharp. Admission free.
• Concert (piano and mezzo soprano) 19 July. Admission £2.00 at door.

For further information: tel. 01-602 3316/581 3522 (exhibition and lectures) or 01-741 5489 (concert)

WORLD OF ISLAM FESTIVAL TRUST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS
John Coleman

Fish soup

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life (18)
Plaza
L'Argent (PG)
Camden Plaza
Personal Best (18)
Warner; Screen on the Hill

United International

The Python team in *The Meaning of Life*

Python films are probably best approached on tiptoe with an open mind and, on recent evidence, an empty stomach. Not only does the synopsis of their latest have the poor reviewer's number, offering a check-list 'for those . . . who have the additional burden of having to write some meaningless drivel', etc., but **M.P.'s The Meaning of Life** doesn't immediately manifest itself as the lights go down. Instead, we have to sit through some 16 minutes of a surely Gilliam-inspired short which seems very long, may be called *The Crimson Permanent Assurance* and – some stunning visual effects apart – toys tediously with the notion of an office-full of elderly, downtrodden clerks suddenly in revolt and sending their entire building-become-pirate-ship gliding into action against the towering, glittering skyscrapers of faceless conglomerates, to conquer – before falling over the edge of the word. *Then* we get *The Meaning of Life* proper, or improper, which is later to incorporate a small invasion from 'the supporting feature' with a voice-over apology. By now thoroughly disorientated and faintly irritated, most of us are yukking like fury the next second as six goldfish with Python faces swim breezily around in a tank echoing with greetings: 'Morning!', 'Morning!' This is definitely a movie for ichthyophiles of the first water. A subsequent 'Find the Fish' scrap of surrealism depends on our visual/verbal recognition of a fish-eye lens in use.

Enough of these (sorry) carpings. Once more directed by Terry Jones but unlike *The Holy Grail* and *Life of Brian*, this is frankly a bunch of sketches; some backfire, others are inspired. 'And get the machine that goes P-I-N-G', urges Dr Cleese boyishly, finding an ultra-modern labour room insufficiently stocked with gadgetry. Palin's jolly administrator incautiously asks after baby's sex, at which Dr Chapman rightly takes umbrage: 'I think it's a little *early* to start imposing *roles* on it, don't you?' The Catholic attitude to condoms is roundly berated in the succeeding item, a resonant high spot, where unemployed Yorkshireman Palin explains to his hundred or so grubby children he must sell them to medical research, after which all swing and sway into a foot-tapping little number, 'Every Sperm is Sacred', before the screen is awash with a choreographed send-up of something from *Oliver!*

Some of the zaniest lines come, in fact, in the songs. During school chapel, I could swear that a hymn ('Oh Lord Please Don't Burn Us') entreated 'Don't fry us in a wok'. Certainly Eric Idle at a restaurant piano does a little ditty in clipped Noel Coward style consisting mainly of synonyms for the penis. And here it comes, the shock-horror-ugh scene with Cleese's French waiter dancing attendance on Jones's enormous Mr Creosote ('Gaston, a bucket for Monsieur'), who steadily emits great jets of spew on floor, table, a cleaning woman and himself before exploding. Stuff like this, and a previous bloody carving of his liver from a live donor, blatantly aims to produce strong reactions, challenges – if you will – the spectator's honesty of response. I loathed the liver item and found the *Grande Bouffe* sequence acceptably Rabelaisian, particularly when capped by a nearby woman diner's marvellously bad-taste excuses for leaving hastily.

And so it goes. Writing and performing this scattershot material, loosely fired off at flaky institutionalised or sacrosanct attitudes and emotions (martial patriotism, religion, birth control, class) or current fashions or eternal hang-ups (sex, death), the Python rotters know damn well that what they lose in sympathy on their wilder swings they'll regain in such roundabout nonsenses as the reception Cleese's Grim Reaper is accorded at a candle-lit, middle-class dinner party. They also know they are barely reviewable in any conventional sense. But, if they do intend to make another movie together, please would they find a more meaningful linking theme or story-line than Meaning? There's some very tired japing here, after all.

Robert Bresson's **L'Argent**, his 13th film, has – alas – to be confronted. I can make nothing out of it, felt nothing except growing impatience as studied image succeeded studied image. It affects to show how a young delivery-van driver, Yvon (Christian Patey), with a wife and small daughter, becomes a victim of others' dishonesty, is fired from his job, agrees to drive the getaway car for a bank raid, is caught and imprisoned, serves his term, emerges from jail to commit several mindless murders on innocents for petty cash, then hands himself over to the police. Those are the bare bones of the tale. Bresson's admirers praise him for his power of distilling guilt and grace down to a refined essence, for his extraordinary rigour. To me, his people (generally non-actors he schools to spoon out their lines with the minimum of expression) exemplify something closer to *rigor mortis*. Nor is the sense of life lived greatly advanced by his fondness for aiming the camera at mid-body or table-top level, so that there is a constant dwelling on – as it were – anonymous hands, inanimate objects. It occurs to me for the first time that this odd and unrevealing viewpoint would be that of someone looking directly ahead while kneeling. There is perhaps an appositeness in this from a director of Bresson's peculiarly Jansenist bent, a genuflexion in the face of absence of free will, a contemplative waiting for some inner grace or redemption.

But how can critics continue to speak of his exquisite charity? An unremitting sadism would be nearer the mark. From the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outset of *L'Argent*, when two schoolboys pass a false note to the crooked boss of a photographer's shop and he in turn passes it and a couple more dud notes to Yvon in payment for a delivery, the young man is set up for punishment. Fate's (or Bresson's) blows fall like coshes. While in prison, Yvon learns that his daughter has died of diphtheria. Then a letter arrives from his wife, opened by women in the sorting room. It reads: 'We will not meet again. I've decided to change my life. Elise.' Swiftly a stamp comes down on it: TO AWAIT RELEASE. Yvon is mocked by his fellow-prisoners. What's happened to your wife? Who took her? Even his attempted suicide, with hoarded Valium, is thwarted. Enough of this impoverished 'masterpiece', with its elliptical cutting and inexplicable acts.

Personal Best, a first feature from Robert Towne, hitherto known for his screenwriting talent (*Chinatown, The Last Detail*), at least has energy, and to spare. It traces four strenuous years in the lives of two women pentathletes (Mariel Hemingway and ex-Olympics hurdler Patrice Donnelly acting up strikingly) as they train, very often in slow-motion, and rather charmingly start an affair together. In the sweaty world of athletics they are vying against each other for a place on the ill-fated US team for the Moscow Olympics. By the time of the trials Ms Hemingway has taken up with a wooden water-polo player, but she makes a stirring half-sacrifice to help her estranged lover into the squad. It does go on rather, for all this terminal excitement. But it may say something for Towne's way with folk on camera that Ms Hemingway and Scott Glenn as her coach are the only non-athletes around. □

ART
John Spurling

Check up

THE TATE'S Biennial Report 1980-82, published last week (*Tate Gallery*, £3), covers the first two years of Alan Bowness's directorship. Apart from its perennial and justified complaint that the Tate's purchase grant ought to be more or less in line with the National Gallery's, the Trustees' foreword is entirely taken up with buildings. Work has begun on the Clore Gallery for the Turner Bequest, which is scheduled to open in 1985; Barbara Hepworth's studio and garden in St Ives were adopted as a Tate 'outstation' in 1980; and there are hopes of converting a building in the Liverpool docks into a 'Tate in the North' and, more distantly, of constructing a Gallery of New Art next to the Clore Gallery. All fine and dandy, but, as the Chairman of the Trustees, Lord Hutchinson, made clear at a press conference, the Trustees are still primarily concerned with building up the Tate's collection – bricks-as-art, you might say, before bricks-and-mortar.

Judged by this standard, Bowness's first two years look a bit suspect. The historic British collection has made various pleasant minor acquisitions and the historic end of the Modern Collection has been improved by a good Beckmann, a Brancusi wood carving, a large and splendid Kirchner, a classic Ernst, a Leger, a Magritte, a De Stael and Paul Nash's memorable vision of heaven as an empty library, *Mansions of the Dead*. Given present-day prices for 20th-century art and the shortage of funds, this is an impressive record. But if one goes carefully through the list of modern purchases, a curious fact emerges: out of the 59 purchases made from 21 private galleries, nearly half come from only three (10 from the Lisson, 10 from Anthony d'Offay, 8 from Waddington). Explanations were somewhat vague at the press conference. Bowness thought it was chance; Ronald Alley, Keeper of the Modern Collection, suggested they were filling particular gaps. The truth is, of course, that it's a question of taste.

Bowness's rule of thumb is that the British collection should aim to be as nearly as possible comprehensive and that foreign work should be acquired more selectively – important pieces only. The purchases from the three galleries hardly accord with this policy, since they mainly consist of yet more American minimalism plus work by minor British artists most of whom are already quite adequately represented in the collection. If one looks back through the last three Biennial Reports and compares them with the catalogue of the complete collection, one can discern a distinct pattern to the Tate's contemporary British taste: its current front-runners are Francis Bacon and Kenneth Martin from the old-age pensioners; Kitaj, Richard Smith, Hodgkin, Kossoff and Auerbach from the over-fifties; and in the middle-aged bracket, Richard Long, Barry Flanagan and Gilbert and George. With the exception of Bacon (who, incidentally, is to have a retrospective at the Tate in early 1985), it is not a distinguished list and gives no indication at all of the unprecedented ambition and variety of British art – especially British abstract art – over the last two decades. The Tate is planning an exhibition next summer of precisely this period and it will be interesting to see whether the same pattern emerges.

Bowness's problem, though, should not be underestimated. He is basically dependent for his purchases on his curatorial staff. These worthies, art historians-cum-civil servants, are well suited to picking out the best from what has been passed through the sieve of time, but – made extra nervous, no doubt, by the Tate's unhappy history of missing important works when they were still new and cheap – are also peculiarly susceptible to the unreliable drifts of international fashion when making judgments about the present. The impression they give is of having an ear to the ground more often than an eye to the work.

What's to be done? One of Bowness's solutions is the formation of a well-heeled group of 'Patrons of New Art' to finance and choose works to go into the projected Gallery of New Art. Another may be, I suspect, to exercise more direct control over buying himself. The list of purchases for the year since the period covered by the Report looks a lot broader and more solid, though it still can't manage without its customary Gilbert and George, its Kossoff and two Flanagans and its characteristic Tate disasters, such as Hanne Darboven's ten panels of mathematical formulae (you can see them all the way along the corridor to the Cubist show) and Julian Schnabel's well-named *Humanity Asleep*, both of which must have been chosen by curators and approved by Trustees with their eyes closed.

Fortunately the Tate's collection is only partly swelled by purchases. In the last seven years whole clusters of work by Gabo, Hepworth, Moore, Nicholson, Bomberg and most recently Lipchitz and Sidney Nolan have floated in by gift or bequest and many single works have arrived in the same way. The most unexpected single gift in the last three years has perhaps been Frank Lloyd's (yes, he of the Rothko scandal) Jackson Pollock, the dense and powerful figurative fantasy *Naked Man with Knife*. It has always been difficult to get much idea of Pollock's stature from the Tate's collection (they owned only two before), but now in a room east of the Daboven corridor you can see a kind of digest of his whole career. To the Tate's three, Lee Krasner, the artist's widow, has magnanimously added three on loan: the early *Birth*, the exhilarating frieze-painting *Summertime* from Pollock's maturity in the late Forties and *Number 14*, painted in 1951 in black and white, with elements of figuration returning. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Bollocks!

IDLY BUTTON-pushing to wallpaper an hour before Bilko's 'Bing Crosby' scam last Sunday, I hit on a wild and wonderful thing called **Birth of a Nation** by David Leland (ITV of all unlikely venues). 'You have now entered an educational wasteland', a new teacher was being told as he started work at one of those prison-like inner city comprehensives where authority preaches its own disruption through systematic beatings. His class can't agree on the name of their last teacher, no one knows who wrote the book he used to make them copy out and any attempt at a discussion is met with derision: 'You're the teacher, you tell us!' Pupil interaction amounts to 'Coon!', 'Bollocks!'

In this madhouse the teachers are as much victims as the kids, sowing malignant seeds by their inability to agree on anything, especially sex and punishment. 'What's the difference between wanking gangs and randy gangs?' the new man asks a colleague. 'Wanking gangs wank in class', he is told.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'That's the whole point. They sit together at the back and the desk lids go up and down. Randy gangs chase little girls in break to get a smelly finger.' You see that the play has authority? When our man steps out of line to teach something that interests them – sex, instead of religion – he is heavily disciplined: 'On no account are you to teach the male reproductive system.' He disobeys the ruling, writes 'Masturbation' on the blackboard and finds he has broken the ice at last. 'If you can't channel energy', said the author in a recent interview with the *Standard*, 'there comes a point where you start to use it negatively. Teachers who came up to advise us while we were shooting said we couldn't possibly show what it's really like because we couldn't go far enough.' Leland and his crew had a pretty good go. The usually lax assistant head (Robert Stephens) subjects a perverted bully to an illegal forced beating and is rewarded with an acid attack. The new beak photocopies the punishment book and shows it to the press. It is the catalyst for a riot. The play ends on a whisper of hope as the camera quietly circles the scrap-book walls of the one 'open' classroom: the centre that might hold when everything else falls apart.

'Who was it said politics is the noblest profession?' asked some newly-elected wimp conceding the defeat of some newly-ousted one after the recent brawl. The answer was John Buchan or Jack Buchanan or nobody. Politics is the only occupation with no possibility of nobility going for it, since power is self-defining and therefore self-disqualifying. Another Oswald Mosley raree show, **Britain in the Thirties** (BBC-2), featuring the anxious Oswald blustering for power in his attractive roll-neck pullover, provided a timely reminder to any young statesman getting ready to think of himself as 'noble' of just how ridiculous the political animal on heat appears to the generation that follows. John Waters should do a film, starring Divine, about what happens when our Oswald comes to power, grows immensely fat and starts putting on his pert wife's underclothes. Tightly-buttoned existing Mosleyites, filmed for the show with swastikas and photos of Lady Di, seemed unaware of the fact that they were characters in a long abandoned novel.

So: nobility summarily denied to politicians . . . and possibly opera singers. I would have thought that disc jockeys, those interchangeable hearties with one-syllable Christian names for whom records come as excruciating gaps in their egos, were likewise ineligible – 'I had dinner once with Boy George,' said one just now, 'a really *entertaining* guy!' – now isn't that relevant? – but having seen how DJ Stuart Henry kicks a crippling illness in the teeth (**All of You Out There**, C4) I am disposed to think he is the exception that proves the rule.

Henry was the darling of early Radio One, the epitome of 'gear', good-looking, not as thick as some, but with a fashionable habit of bouncing off walls when he walked down corridors. The BBC weren't keen on this last attribute and when his speech became slurred decided not to renew his contract. (Well *done*, somebody!) Stuart had had multiple sclerosis for years without knowing it. How did it feel when he found out? 'Shock. Relief, really. At last someone had put a name to it. Not a nice name, but still. No more folks telling me to pull myself together and take vitamins.' Dear old Radio Lux snapped him up and along with his wife Ollie, who reads the news for him, he has made a stand against his disease's unusually unremitting tide. He can't sit up on his own, or get dressed, yet he can enjoy life: 'I think it's incredible that Ollie accepts these constraints on her life. She deliberately reins in and concentrates on those things we can accomplish together. I am greatly favoured.' Well, if he is favoured, we all are. It is for his wife to express the darker side of the coin: 'If you really love somebody and you watch them slowly declining and there is no cure for it, you feel an incredible sadness.' The 'incredible' joined her to him. 'War's annals shall cloud into night . . . ' I found myself muttering.

Why is it so shocking when someone as intrinsically funny as Rowan Atkinson concocts a situation for himself in which he *cannot* be? Throughout **The Black Adder** (BBC-1), a watery solution of *1066 and All That* and *Monty Python and The Holy Grail*, I kept wanting to unlock this labouring knight from his constraining armour and give him back his raincoat. 'Schoolboy, not undergraduate humour', thought Lindsay Anderson on **Did You See** (BBC-2), but wasn't he the humourless devil who gave us *Britannia Hospital* some years back? □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Vesuvii

Inner Voices
EDUARDO DE FILIPPO *Lyttelton*
Henry VIII
SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*
Woza Albert
BARNEY SIMON and others *Criterion*

Inner Voices is the fourth play by Eduardo de Filippo to have hit London in ten years and, for all the perkiness of its parts, by far the most sombre as a whole. True, *Filumena*, *Ducking Out* and *Saturday, Sunday, Monday* involved personal relationships on the brink of disaster and, sometimes, over it. Everywhere one looked, spouse seemed to be at odds with spouse, parent with child, sibling with sibling, best friend with best friend; and all such conflicts were instantly rendered more alarming, more ominous than their counterparts in Brighton, Bolton or Burton-on-Trent by the mere fact of occurring in Naples, where (so de Filippo made us feel) the bonds between people, and especially within the family, had a sacramental power. To question the chastity of a respectable wife and mother, as for instance happened in *Saturday, Sunday, Monday*, was akin to splattering the Black Madonna with excrement, a blasphemy all too likely to bring thunderbolts down from heaven or, if justified, stilettos out on earth. The same moral and emotional Vesuvii are seething away in *Inner Voices* too; but this time you're left wondering if it's not just a relationship, not simply a family, but a whole society and its values that are threatened with destruction.

It is 1948, a time when Naples was still recovering from what would appear to have been an orgy of accusation, recrimination and feud after the city's liberation by the Allies. De Filippo doesn't mention this directly, but it is, no doubt of it, present in the play from its deceptively quiet opening. People start to describe their dreams, boringly, self-indulgently, but then disturbingly. Images of babies being cooked and eaten, or fountains of blood drunk, suddenly darken the sedate breakfast of the Cimmaruta family. And then on comes a neighbour in the portly, trundling form of Ralph Richardson with an altogether more specific nightmare to relate. He has seen a friend murdered by one of the Cimmarutae, he's not sure which. The police crash onstage with machine guns to arrest the whole clan, only to release them when Richardson decides that the eye which witnessed the killing was probably an inner one, the event itself a figment of his elderly imagination.

Was it, wasn't it? The question is allowed to hang, hover, while all else proceeds to disintegrate. Cimmaruta accuses Cimmaruta of murder. The cakes of soap painstakingly made by one of them suddenly take on an awful significance. Then the acrimony broadens. Robert Stephens, playing the abject paterfamilias, finds himself describing how he bored a hole in the booth in which his wife, played by Marjorie Yates, earns the family bread by telling fortunes: but also how he never dared actually to peep through and so perhaps acquire first-hand evidence of her supposed infidelity with the gentleman callers. The disbelieving Richardson is confronted with treachery and danger wherever he looks: his brother, played by Michael Bryant, uses the confusion to try to swindle him out of his share of the family business; the Cimmarutae arrive *en masse* to invite him out on a reconciliatory picnic that will, he discovers, end with his 'accidental' death by drowning. Under the circumstances, his valedictory summing-up seems pretty mild: 'Oh, what a pass things have come to . . . How could we have come to such a state. . . . What we've killed is faith in each other.'

It is a conclusion that, once again, has the more force for emerging from a society, a city where the word 'faith' has a substance not to be found in Taunton, Totnes or Tunbridge Wells. The mortar binding the bricks together is cracking and crumbling; the edifice itself is in peril of collapse. Yet we don't quite feel that force, that peril at the National, for reasons not easily explained. I don't think the problem is de Filippo's admittedly quirky humour: black comedy no longer seems a contradiction in terms to our generation; hands as skilled and subtle as his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can do marvellous things with light without compromising the depth of the shadows behind. Nor can the trouble altogether be that we ourselves, coming from Brighton or Totnes, lack the ability to identify imaginatively with these stricken Neapolitans. No, it is rather that, with the sole exception of Robert Stephens, the very hang of whose trousers have an ignominous, woebegone look, Mike Ockrent's cast is not quite stricken enough; or, more accurately, its members don't leave you feeling they're living at the evolutionary moment when Yeats's rough beast is taking Christ's place in the ethical stable; and this, alas, is especially true of their principal. Sir Ralph must convince us that he's virtually ready to acquiesce in his own murder, so profound is his disillusion. As it is, his final gesture, which is head slumped in hands, cannot disguise that he's less happy projecting disgust, horror, or even very much disenchantment than in reconquering those areas where we already know he reigns supreme: the wry, the sly, the watchful, the ruminative and, above all, the dreamy. His 'inner voices' are as strange and suggestive as one could hope, but by no means violent enough.

Shakespeare, Fletcher and whoever else in the Globe ratpack contributed to **Henry VIII** was writing at a shorter, and much more dangerous, distance from the event than, say, we are from late-Victorian times; hence the play's strenuous and contorted efforts to be equally nice about the king, Queen Katherine, Anne Boleyn, Cranmer, Thomas Cromwell, indeed almost everyone except the butcher's boy from Ipswich, the wretched Wolsey – and even he is allowed a fine speech of contrition. This deference reaches absurd extremes at the end, which presents us with a purportedly happy christening picture for the family album, comprising the king, the queen he's soon to behead, the cleric one of his daughters is eventually to burn and, dimpling for the camera, the baby girl and future monarch whose emotions are to be maimed by these and other such happenings. It's perhaps because the play feels less than wholly honest that it is usually performed as a pageant – an approach which, however, Howard Davies has disdained as something of a cop-out. His preferred solution, as it turns out at Stratford, is to alienate and alienate again: by Weillian squawks and howls from a stage orchestra, by flimsy cut-outs of palaces and streets dangling wonkily from the flies, by such ruses as giving the role of the ultra-virtuous Cranmer to Richard O'Callaghan, an actor who (if he'll forgive me) has trouble *not* looking slippery, fly and mischievous.

The effect is not, however, self-consciously 'Brechtian'. We aren't presented with a load of thespians knowingly sending up the characters they are playing. Rather, we're invited coolly and detachedly to contemplate the high-level wanglings and finaglings as Richard Griffiths's earnest, conscientious but naive Henry receives a series of lessons in the meaning of power; and, thanks to his thoughtful performance, thanks to John Thaw's silky Wolsey and Gemma Jones's unusually strong and commanding Katherine, we end with a play that somehow manages neither to distort Shakespeare and the fellow-members of his writing syndicate nor to make them look like the toadying agents for Tudor PR that they perhaps were.

A franker picture of political corruption, if that's your preference, is however to be found in **Woza Albert**, a jaunty but indisputably punchy description of Christ's visit to contemporary South Africa. Predictability is the problem, both in terms of story and meaning; but that is overcome, in my view triumphantly, by the efforts of Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two actors of astonishing physical resource, physical energy and even physical wit. □

FIRST PERSON

Anna Coote

Running the gauntlet

ON A FINE summer evening, Clapham Common has so much human flesh heaped upon it that you half expect it to buckle with the strain. Most of the flesh is hurling itself around a lot and sweating – hefty in rugby shirts, lean in cricket whites, swift in football gear, there's no regard for the seasons. And around the edge, wearing an ever-deepening rut, as though entailed forever to herd the humans from the metal in the street, are the joggers. If I were really unlucky one night, you might catch sight of me among them.

To run (as I call it, since that's how it feels) without being noticed is still a great relief, though I mind less than I did when I first took up the habit six years ago. Until then I'd not allowed myself to break out of a stroll since an afternoon on the school playing field when a friend told me I ran like a penguin.

Nor has a keen sense of looking silly been my only trial. Allowing for indolent holidays, I have probably completed about 900 runs in all. During one in three of these – a rough total of 300 – I have encountered some kind of male abuse. Twice I've been hit by stones thrown by a crowd of boys. Once, a deft young cyclist pinched my bum and sped off, leaving me wanting to kill more passionately than ever before or since (runners *hate* being interrupted). On ten or more occasions, I've run across the Army exercising itself in Battersea Park – a column of young thugs who set up a wild chorus of whistles and jeers. Scores of times I've been made to jump out of my skin by loud hoots from passing cars. But for the most part it has just been verbal abuse – remarkable chiefly for its predictability, its repetitiveness. 'What's the hurry, love?' 'One, two, one, two.' 'Where are you going then?' 'Left right, left right.' 'Corrr!' 'Look at that!' 'Pair of coconuts!' 'Can't catch me.' 'Faster, faster.' 'Keep going, only another mile.' Harmless words, transformed into mild assault by the style of delivery.

I am not so much offended by the individual incidents as astonished by the scale and consistency of them. If I take a male companion, I can rely on an abuse-free run. Early mornings are good, too, though the body feels like lead. But of an evening in the park or on the common, almost invariably some boy or lad or grown-up man will have to have his say.

I wonder what mental or physical process he goes through before he delivers his line. Does he polish the tiny phrase in his brain before it pops out of his mouth? Does he think, 'This'll surprise her!', and delight in the anticipation? After he's said it and I've run on, does he think he did it well, or maybe ponder that he might have done it better if he'd put more emphasis on this word or that? Or is it more like a bodily function, a burp or a sneeze, half-induced and half-involuntary, leaving behind a sensation somewhere between relief and achievement?

I wonder, too, what brings it on. It can't be that he's shocked into exclamation by a rare sight, since the paths I choose are well-worn by female runners of all shapes and sizes. I could understand it better if the whole lot of them fell about laughing and pointing and yelling 'Penguin! Penguin!' at me. There'd be a painful logic in that. But I've heard nothing to suggest I am being singled out for particular insult. It seems more likely that the man who cried at me this evening, 'Not long now, darling, you're almost there!', cried out the same thing to each woman who ran past. At best, he has a little repertoire, which he works his way through night after night.

One thing I'm sure of: these are not, by and large, simple gestures of goodwill. I know a friendly greeting when I get one, and I've exchanged plenty with other runners, male and female. No, these seem like a cross between a statement (perfunctory as a letter from the bank manager) and an exhibition (sly as the sudden parting of a raincoat on a dark street).

A friend advised me to try unnerving them by staring intently at their flies with a look on my face to suggest they had spilt something nasty. I've thought of getting some really good jokes printed up on cards, and handing them out, to improve the level of repartee. (There's a good Australian one for beer-bellied joggers, which needs to be delivered in the appropriate accent: 'Hey Bruce, I see you've built a verandah over the toyshop.') But should I cast pearls before swine? In any case, I'd greatly prefer no interaction – except of my own choosing. Even *ignoring* the verbal flasher is an active process. I have to decide to focus my attention elsewhere and make an effort to arrange my features in an unaware expression. I am on their territory and they have captured my attention. All I want to do is let my mind run free and my body do the best it can. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2776 — Set by Snubbin

In 'Vers de Société', Philip Larkin itemises the conversational hazards of cocktail parties, among them 'Asking that ass about his fool research'. Details, please (in not more than 140 words), of some ripely asinine research project. By 8 July.

No 2773 — Set by Will Bellenger

We asked you to devise the worst opening sentence for a romantic, sci-fi or spy novel.

Report — By Jeff Squiffy

And the entries kept on coming; so much so, indeed, that our chief postal operative, Mr Pippin, had a most unfortunate accident as he staggered upstairs with yet another sack of mail. He would have wanted it this way. Hon mench. Michael Leapman; nine quid apiece for the *vainqueurs*.

Throbbing and ivory-cheeked, tears coursing like rain, yet provocative, she shook from side to side as her mad darling strode manfully over the china-blue Victoriana chamber pot which he had recently filled, and murmuring 'brute' she beat helplessly like a feathered bird against his Herculean chest as he stood insurmountable, enduring, constant, stable, immovable, unwavering and undisturbed.

TINA JANE ANDREWS

You're getting too old for this lark, he thought, seeing the three-day growth of beard and 'Charlie isn't here' scrawled in lip-stick across his mirror in East Berlin's Adlon Hotel; first, Minsk who had fled to Plonsk, then Plonsk who defected (or was he pushed?) in Minsk, and now Charlie, damn him; not noticing the door softly opening, *the alarm-bells ringing in his head: you'll be forty* tomorrow, you should live so long he thought, just before the gun went off.

DEREK BARNARD

Creton the Transcender stood at the bottom concentric base of the pillars of Anthon, Third Sat Sol, and resting his humanoid silver-scaled hands against his phos-fibre suit, emitted factor 7 psi-waves as he tried to reach his counterpart, El-Asarich the Eistafodd, seven parallels away, who knelt on the zarmon floor of the Nourisher, her green hair photosynthesising Sirian energy which powered her receptors to their highest sensitivity until their pitch was fine enough to input the first signals of the fifth aeon.

R. BEL

Dr Simon Thompson had grown to love Sonia in the short time she had been his patient and as he now sat beside her hospital bed he gazed thoughtfully at her sleeping face and as he lovingly squeezed her hand he felt a desperate hope – he felt that she couldn't – no – she wouldn't, and, indeed shouldn't die – after all, the stomach pains and bleeding with her motions along with the obstruction of the bowel were probably signs of diverticulitis but, then again, there were other diagnoses . . .

GEOFF HORTON

Grimey shuddered as he passed the long despondent food-queue of ill-dressed, pinched-faced women on Beriastrasse, idly fingering the check lining of his Burberry mackintosh as though it was a soft, reassuring patch of the turf that fringed his garden at the Guildford house where Sonia, at that last – how long ago? – interview had drunkenly spat out the words that could never be withdrawn and now burned in his brain like heartburn after a heavy evening of neat Cutty Sark and wondering still whether Parka, his brother-in-crime, his adversary, had recognised the meaning silently attached to the bicycle-clip so casually left on the billiard table in Mandalay and was now, like himself, drifting purposefully towards their rendezvous through the sluggish, unceasing snow of the GDR.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

As soon as their eyes met in the lift at Hawkins Insurance (UK) Limited, she was raised up on the pinkest of candyfloss clouds, and her heart leaped up with the lift's movement, and he was lost in the pools of her eyes, he formerly all untamed hawk and she softest dove, and it was the first of innumerable sublime moments that would make the prickly path they had sometimes to tread on the way to the altar of St Cuthbert's a worthwhile endeavour.

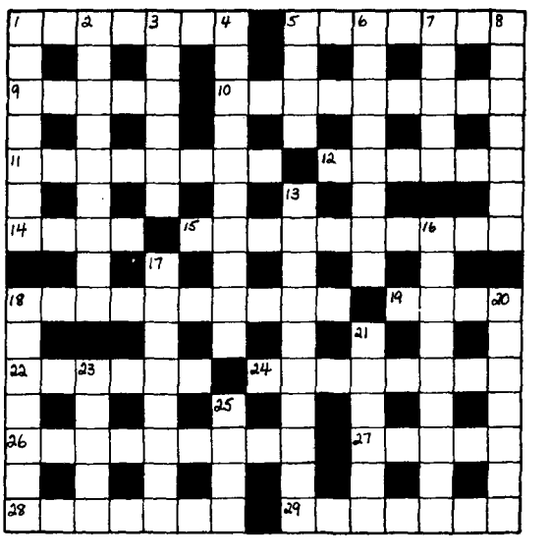
STELLA STOCKER

Vagina gazed zestfully into the electrobatic mirror and combed back her cascading blue hair, she knew now that everything Sirotilc had told her about Algolagnia was true – the Raucs were in the ascendant, the Goddess Smegma reigned supreme, there were no letouts, Labia had betrayed her (what had her final words been, at the Last Frontier – 'Have a nice day!'?), and Total Atomisation was imminent – as out of the sides of her five eyes she could see the terrifying form of Oitallef advancing towards her, his ten febrile penises vibrating in unison, every last one of them erect . . .

GAVIN EWART

Weekend Crossword 1405

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1405, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 5 July.



Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

ACROSS

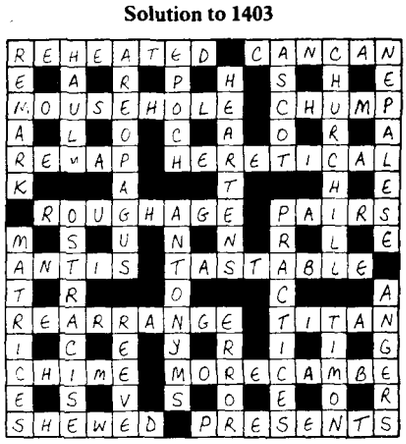
1. Softly entering this land is a denizen of the water. (7)
5. Be an animal and curse. (7)
9. Give us time for practice. (5)
10. Songs about a fight for idlers. (9)
11. Put restraint on what is potentially promising if unfinished. (8)
12. Spanner for game. (6)
14. Catch a section back. (4)
15. In broadcasting novelties one provides entertainment. (10).
18. You get all sorts on the tube, and this results in bad behaviour. (10)
19. A mother for a motherless one. (4)
22. River which makes a river different. (6)
24. Cop mixed up with a trial which is too hot for comfort. (8)
26. Where to eat when there is celebration in the old country. (9)
27. Old comedian ill at ease without us. (5)
28. Guaranteed to be without doubt in the finish. (7)
29. Vessel in which mothers are wrecked. (7)

DOWN

1. Holiday-maker discovers importunate salesman about to increase endlessly. (7)
2. Comes into view again to harvest fruit. (9)
3. Deprived of society the austere person has become vinegary. (6)
4. Singer who depicts the motion of water beneath the sailor. (6,4)
5. Stalls for horses. (4)
6. First-class transport about to cause friction up in commuter-land. (8)
7. Ammunition for canon. (5)
8. Without us the film would be grim. (7)
13. Fruit entered race in coloured short. (10)
16. In a winter month nothing strange in lack of propriety. (9)
17. A diplomat on leave, he has a rural occupation. (8)
18. It is an astonishing thing to discover the motorway unusually clear. (7)
20. Plants which are let in writing. (7)
21. The animal to live like a parasite. (6)
23. Top people in a boat off Skye. (5)
25. Produced but not left in the border. (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1403



Prizewinners to 1403

Dorothy Colmer (South Australia)
J. Johnson (Tunbridge Wells)
R. Woodall (Derby)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** for private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under Personal – £1.60 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.20).
For all other classifications – £1.70 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.40).
First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7.30 per single column centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21.90). **Special rate for charities – £6.30 per s.c.c.** (min. 3 s.c.c. £18.90).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28499.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Appointments

ENGINEERS' AND MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Salary within a scale rising to c. £7,500 per annum (further progress to a higher scale is likely)

The EMA represents engineers, managers, scientists and professional staff generally in industry and particularly in the electricity, shipbuilding and aerospace industries.

We are seeking for our busy Research Department, a numerate person, aware of current affairs who is capable of analysing information and producing good quality briefing material on a wide variety of subjects covered by the Research Department, for example: pay, analysing the economy, superannuation, industrial relations matters and energy policy, with particular reference to safe nuclear energy.

Further written details and application forms – to be returned by not later than **8 July 1983** – may be obtained from:

Administration Manager
EMA, Station House, Fox Lane North
Chertsey, Surrey. Tel: 09328 64131

Press Officer Wanted

A POSITION OF VITAL IMPORTANCE

Due to the continuing expansion of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, we are offering a one-year contract to an experienced Press Officer. S/he will help to organise publicity for CND events and will assist CND groups and regions in dealing with the press.

We shall select someone not only on the basis of their ability, but also on their commitment to CND. Some weekend and evening work will be involved. Salary £7200 p.a. CND is an equal opportunities employer (job shares will be considered). Applications by July 8th to Alison Scot, CND, 11 Goodwin St., London N4.

SUNDERLAND YOUTH EMPLOYMENT PROJECT (SYEP)

an independent project, require an

EDUCATION WORKER

who has a proven ability to work with young people who are actively involved in a variety of enterprises, e.g. co-ops and collectives. Candidates must be able to work with young people in both formal and informal settings in providing support to groups.

Salary JNC3 (under review)

Closing date: 11 July 1983

Further details can be obtained from:

ANDY GIBSON
SYEP, 29 Stockton Road, Sunderland
Telephone 40661

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Accommodation Vacant

NEVER IN, but when I am, I'd like mature humorous company. Non-sexist socialist Westminster researcher (m., 26) seeks m/f to share Camden Town basement flat – near markets, cinema, canal. £90 p.c.m. Box 6163.

N12. 2ND PROF. person to share flat. O/r., c.h., all amenities, gdn. £30 plus expenses. 01-980 8065 evenings: Andrew.

SW8. LARGE room, share k. and b., £25 p.w. incl. pref. post-graduate student. 0483 89 3635.

Industrial Relations Officer

A specialist is required with knowledge and experience of Industrial Relations law and practice.

Based in London, the successful applicant will provide advice and assistance to members in the South East Thames Region on matters concerning their terms and conditions of service and employment legislation generally.

Applicants must have a working knowledge of employment and Health & Safety legislation and previous experience in the Health Service would be an advantage.

Salary range is **£10,249-£13,105** including London Weighting (review pending). A car is provided and therefore a clean driving licence is essential.

Applications, giving full details of career and salary together with the names of two business referees, should be sent to : **Barbara Dyer, Personnel Manager, British Medical Association, BMA House, Tavistock Square London WC1H 9JP.** Closing date; **4 July 1983**

BMA

CHATS PALACE

CHATS PALACE
Homerton Community Centre
requires
ADMINISTRATOR

for this exciting community centre in Hackney. Chats Palace offers a range of community arts workshops and events alongside a full entertainments programme. Applicants will have good administrative experience with particular knowledge of arts funding and budgeting, book-keeping and publicity. She/He will co-ordinate an adminstrative/services team to ensure back-up for the community arts work of the project. Knowledge of community arts practice an advantage. **Salary AP4. Closing date: 30 June.**

Apply with full c.v. to: Janice May, Chats Palace, 42/44 Brooksbys Walk, Hackney, London E9.

Courses

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers summer study programmes in a most attractive Florentine setting. There are Italian language courses at all levels, Italian Renaissance lecture courses and Drawing courses. Splendid library and premises in central Florence. Accommodation arranged if required.

Prospectus and full details from:
David Rundle, The Director
British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

LEARN TO TEACH ENGLISH (EFL)

This Summer

ONE WEEK
RESIDENTIAL COURSES
AT KENT UNIVERSITY
CANTERBURY

The Course Objective:
To give you a practical and thorough introduction to Teaching English as a Foreign Language in one week

From £90 inc VAT

Nancy Scott, Pilgrims Training Courses, 8 Vernon Place, Canterbury, Kent CT1 3YG. (0227) 69127

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADICAL ALTERNATIVES FOR THE LOCAL ECONOMY

Chief Economic Adviser

Previous applications are still being considered

Hackney Council is embarking on an interventionist strategy for the local economy with the aim of sustaining and creating jobs; eradicating low pay; challenging discrimination in employment and fostering democratic forms of work organisation. These objectives form the alternative economic strategy under consideration by the Council and we need a man or woman with the commitment, skills and necessary experience to carry out its successful development and implementation.

You will activate the resources of this inner city Borough and ensure the efficient development, co-ordination and execution of all the Council's economic development activities. Together with trade unions, voluntary organisations, workers' co-operatives and the private sector, you will shape the Council's operational structures most suited to the economic policy objectives.

This new post has been created on an initial three-year contract so you'll have to get straight down to developing and directing an economic development programme based on job creation and retention; training; challenges to low pay, sexism and racism in employment opportunities; local purchasing policies and industrial promotion for the small-scale manufacturing and service sector as well as facilitating the Council's economic research and intelligence work. And as Hackney's policy of decentralising Council services and extending neighbourhood political power comes into action, you'll encourage local involvement in our economic intitiatives.

You should have a sound knowledge of economics and a familiarity with the ideas and problems of the Alternative Economic Strategy. Experience of local government would be an advantage. Your understanding of the types of economic problems facing the inner city and your determination to solve them will be essential. You will need the energy and drive to motivate a range of agencies towards achieving local economic objectives including the Council, the private sector, other public agencies, trade unions and ethnic community groups.

It will be your understanding and your commitment that will help put Hackney's local economy on the road to recovery.

Salary: £16,761 - £20,967 p.a. inc.

For an informal discussion contact John Durnian on 01-986 3123 Ext. 227.

Application forms are available from John Penney, Head of Personnel Services, Town Hall, Mare Street, E8 1EA or telephone 01-986 7539 (24 hour answering service), or 01-986 3123 Ext. 342, quoting reference AG 602/NS. Closing date: July 8th, 1983.

People who wish to job share may also apply.

The Council intends to decentralise its services, therefore the duties, hours of work or location of this post may be subject to change.

We would positively welcome applications from black people, disabled people and women.

Hackney — a radical, socialist Borough

Fellowship

SUNDERLAND POLYTECHNIC

FACULTY OF HUMANITIES

Writer's Fellowship

The Polytechnic has been invited by the Arts Council to appoint a writer to a fellowship initially for the academic year 1983/84. Applications are invited from published writers. The person appointed will be expected to pursue his or her own work and to encourage the reading and writing of fiction and poetry in the college and in the local community in every practicable way. The salary will be £7,750. Further information can be obtained from:

The Personnel Officer, Sunderland Polytechnic, Langham Tower, Ryhope Road, Sunderland SR2 7EE.

Applications in the form of a curriculum vitae should be submitted to the Personnel Officer by Friday 15 July and should be accompanied by copies of published work and a covering letter.

Closing date: 15 July 1983.

Exhibition

Creation for Liberation

An Open Exhibition of Contemporary Black Art in Britain, 20-30 July 1983

St. Matthew's Meeting Place, Brixton Hill, London, SW2 (opp. ACE Cinema). Weekdays 10 am-8 pm; Sats 10 am-6 pm and Suns 12 noon-6 pm.

Artists are invited to submit work in the following categories: Paintings, Drawings, Paper Collage, Textile Print and Sculpture in any medium. You may submit not more than THREE works. Closing date: Tuesday 12 July.

Send s.a.e. for application form to:

Creation for Liberation
165 Railton Road, SE24
01-737 2074/2268

Accommodation Exchange

ENGLISH FAMILY (3), living Ojai Valley, California, would exchange their large house, swimming-pool, orange grove, for 3 bedroom London flat, Sept. 01-328 0442 eves.

In Memoriam

IN MEMORIAM. Ethel and Julius Rosenberg killed 30 years ago, 19 June 1953, by American atomic hysteria. Francois and Constance Caviglioli.

Services

SDP/LIB volunteers required to work with the Centre Party in NW London. Tel: 01-459 6828.

FOR SALE

POSTER OF MAGGIE REGINA
(approx 20" × 30") £1.95 UK (p&p inc) or £2.70 Abroad

Please send your cheque to
Tim Freeman
NEW STATESMAN
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Secretarial

AUDIO/COPY TYPING: Literary and business, etc. Tel. 0783 292984 after 5 p.m.

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

Holidays/ Travel

AFRICAN FLIGHTS. Jo'burg, Nairobi, Harare, Dar, Lagos, Dakar, Cairo and all Africa. Key Travel, 333 Grays Inn Road, London WC1. Tel: 01-837 7611.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

OVERLOOKING START BAY, close beaches and cliff walks. Superb accommodation and food. No children. Lamacraft Farm, Start Point, Kingsbridge, S. Devon. Tel: 054-851 291.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe Street, London E17. Tel: 01-520 7911.

PARIS

Fête de L'Humanité
9-12 September '83 from £59

Price includes: return coach ferry travel, three nights bed & breakfast in Paris, excursion to Versailles or Fontainebleau (for small additional charge). Entrance fees not included.

PROGRESSIVE TOURS
12 PORCHESTER PLACE
LONDON W2. 01-262 1676

Property

PLEASANT TWO bedroom flat for sale in Herne Hill, London SE24. Close to Ruskin Park and three BR stations for fast access to Victoria, London Bridge, Holborn. £24,500. Tel: 01-737 3852, eves.

Literary

PUBLISH YOUR BOOKS with New Writers' Association. S.a.e. for particulars. 43 Windus Road, London N16 6UT.

Publications

MARXISM IS dated. Read the alternative key formulation. Booklet £1 post free: Aquila Press, 64 Lissimore House, Maria Street, West Bromwich, B70 6DR.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

TWENTY THOUSAND BOOKS, all kinds, to clear before 20 July. 30% discount for the asking. Bookworld, 72 Upper Street, N1. 11 a.m.-7 p.m. (incl. Suns).

THE GLOBAL MANIPULATORS

the Bilderberg Group . . . the Trilateral Commission . . . covert power groups of the West.

Details of the undeclared influences behind the scenes in international finance and politics. By investigative journalist

ROBERT ERINGER

Order now from: John Michell 11 Powis Gardens, London W11

£3 or $6 includes post and packing

LAKE BALATON & BUDAPEST 30 July-9 August £180
13-23 August £170

Full board, Lakeside hotel near SIOFOK
INCLUDES full touring programme
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

LENINGRAD/MURMANSK BY TRAIN 13-25 August . . . £185
LENINGRAD 16-28 July . . . £180 Via Scandinavia

FULL BOARD AT SOVIET HOTELS

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

MOSCOW £180, KIEV £170: 30 July-9 Aug., 13-23 Aug.

By SLEEPER EXPRESS, Budapest/Moscow
FULL BOARD & SIGHT-SEEING INCLUDED

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

ZAKOPANE & KRAKOW, 31 July-10 August £180

Superb scenery in the TATRA MOUNTAINS
FULL BOARD AT HOTEL
INCLUDES fine sightseeing programme

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

LISTINGS

FRI 24 JUNE

LONDON Don't let the Apartheid regime murder Nelson Mandela! 24-hour picket starts 5.30 pm until Sat 25th 5.30 pm, outside South Africa House, Trafalgar Square. **Org City of London Anti-Apartheid Group, 22 Brownlow Mews, London WC1. Details: Amandla Kitson 01-405 4498.**

SAT 25 JUNE

BATTERSEA South London CND/Labour Movement Conf. Spkrs incl Jo Richardson, Pat Arrowsmith, Simon Turney. Afternoon Workshops: Alternatives to Arms Manufacture; non-violent direct action and industrial action. 10am-5pm at Battersea Labour Party, 177 Lavender Hill, SW11, £2/£1 (unwaged). **Details: Linda Austin 01-785 7434.**

GREENHAM COMMON Full moon in June Dragon Festival. The Women's Peace Camp invites all women to join in making a 9-mile patchwork rainbow dragon to surround the base. Bring pieces of patchwork, banners, cloth paintings. **Details: Women's Peace Camp, USAF Greenham Common, nr Newbury, Berks. Tel: Kingsclere 296512. London office: 5 Leonards St, EC2 01-251 3133.**

BIRMINGHAM Mobilising conference against new Civil Defence Regulations. 10.30am-1pm, County Hall, Brum. **Orgs West Midlands CND, WM TUC & WM County Council. Registration & Details: David Lewis, WM Region CND, 54 Allison St, Digbeth, B'ham 5. 021-632 6909.**

BANBURY First George Orwell Memorial Lecture. 7.30pm, Banbury Town Hall. Spkr Prof. Bernard Crick. **Details: Joyce Aydon, Banbury 720124. Org Banbury Labour Party.**

LONDON 'Plastic bullets': a working conference to launch and plan campaign activities. Spkrs incl Arthur Latham, Richard Balfe, Steve Bundred. Creche. 1-5pm, County Hall, SE1. **Org Labour Committee on Ireland. Details and registration: Box 42, 136 Kingsland High Road, E8.**

MANCHESTER Co-operative Trades Fair at Piccadilly Plaza Exhibition Hall, 10-5pm. **Org Greater Manchester Co-operative Development Agency, 061-832 4300.**

LONDON National Radical Nurses Conf. 'Causes of Ill Health'. 10-5 at 'Inter-Action', 15 Wilkin St, NW5. £1 per day includes some food. Accom., creche, wheelchair access. **Details: Karen 01-671 1233; Michelle 01-607 1044; Pat 01-481 9319.**

LONDON Crisis in Zimbabwe – a Socialist perspective. Public meeting, 2pm, Caxton House, 129 St John's Way, N19. **Org The Socialist Forum for Southern African Solidarity (SOFSAS).**

SUN 26 JUNE

LONDON Release Nelson Mandela Fund-Raising Concert. 7.15pm, Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank. Tickets £1-£3. Artists (2 protégés of Yehudi Menuhin) Felix Schmidt – cello, Ingrid Jacoby – piano. **Tickets: Bev Howe 01-387 7966. Org. Anti-Apartheid Movement, 13 Selous St, NW1.**

LONDON 'Support the struggle against apartheid, racism and colonialism in South Africa'. Public meeting, 2.30pm, Westminster Cathedral Conference Centre, Morpeth Terrace, SW1. Spkrs from ANC, SWAPO and International guests. **Org ANC, PO Box 38, 28 Penton St, N1.**

RAF COTTESMORE, nr Oakham, Leics. Picnic at training base for Tornado – Britain's new nuclear bomber, 2-5pm. **Details: Leicester CND 0533-57228.**

LONDON 'The Soviet Union and the Jewish Problem' – talk by Dr S. Levenberg. 8pm 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Adm 75p. **Details: Ruth Goodwin 01-328 2554. Org MAPAM.**

MON 27 JUNE

LONDON Public meeting 'Nicaragua in Crisis'. Spkr Father Xabier Gorostiaga SJ, Director of Nat. Institute for Socio-Economic Research, Nicaragua. 7.30 pm, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1 (Rms 7 & 8). **Details: Latin America Bureau 01-278 2829.**

TUES 28 JUNE

DEPTFORD 'Release Nelson Mandela! Victory to the ANC!' Public meeting, 7.30pm, Room 5, Albany Community Centre, Douglas Way, Adm 20p. **Org S. London Fight Racism! Fight Imperialism!, BM Box 4835, WC1N 3XX.**

BATTERSEA 'Defended to death?' issues in Nuclear Armament and Disarmament. Course org Battersea CND. Tonight: 'Who's for a real Zero Option? A look at both the Geneva talks and at the effectiveness of the Peace Movement'. Last in series. 7.30-9.30pm, Junction Resource Centre, 248 Lavender Hill SW11. **Details Harry Zutshi 01-675 1913.**

LONDON Concert in aid of United Nations Association. 8 pm, Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1. Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Rudolf Barshai. Piano – Peter Frankl. Beethoven Symphony No. 3., Piano Concerto No.3. Tickets £2-£7. **01-928 3191.**

WED 29 JUNE

LONDON Public Rally 'Fighting the missiles after the Election'. Spkrs Tony Benn, Alf Lomas MEP, Illtyd Harrington, Arthur Scargill. Chair Jo Richardson. 7.30pm, East Ham Town Hall. **Org East London CND.**

LONDON 'The Way of Nonviolence' first of five workshops on nonviolence. Spkr Prof. John Ferguson. 6.45-8.45pm, St James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. **Org Dunamis 01-437 6851.**

CAMDEN 'Marxism and the Labour Movement' – the second Fred Tonge Memorial Lecture (postponed because of general election). Spkr Ralph Miliband. 8pm, Douglas Hyde Hall, Irish Centre, Camden Square (nr Camden tube). **Org St Pancras and Holborn Labour Party.**

THURS 30 JUNE

LONDON 'The 1970s'. Spkr Sam Aaronvitch. 7.30 pm, Marx Memorial Library, 37a Clerkenwell Green, EC1. **Details: Librarian 01-253 1485.**

LONDON Women's Education Fun-Day 10am-4pm, Kensal Community Centre, Bosworth Road, W10. Have a go at carpentry, video, computing, self-defence. Women's music, theatre. Individual advice on courses. Creche, refreshments, wheelchair access. **If transport required: Corinna 01-723 2522 or Mary 01-723 5875. Details 01-723 1331.**

FRI 1 JULY

LONDON Lessons of the Grenadian Revolution for teachers in Britain. Spkr Bernard Coard, Deputy Prime Minister, People's Revolutionary Gov't of Grenada. 6-8pm, Jeffery Hall, Inst. of Education, 20 Bedford Way, WC1. All welcome. **Org Centre for Multicultural Education and Caribbean Teachers Assn.**

LONDON Benefit concert in aid of East London branch of Troops Out Now movement. Carol Grimes + supporting women's band. Chat's Palace, 42/44 Brooksby's Walk, Homerton, E9. Bar, bookstall, displays. Tickets £2.50/£1.50 unwaged. **Org ToM, East London Branch, Box 13, 136 Kingsland High St, E8.**

FORTHCOMING

2 JULY London 'Prevent and Survive' Symposium. 9.30-4.30pm, Central Hall Westminster, SW1. Tickets £9/students, nurses, UB40 £5 incls. lunch. Tickets at door or from orgs: **Medical Campaign Against Nuclear Weapons, 31 Stavordale Rd, N5.**

2 JULY London NALGO 'Put People First Festival' at Alexandra Palace. Noon-10.30pm. Fun and entertainment for all the family. Jazz bands, clowns, inflatables, creche. Evening top line entertainment: The Flying Pickets, Hank Wangford Band, Holloway All Stars. Snack bars, Licensed Bars. Stalls manned by trades unions and community groups. **Details and advance tickets (SAE) £2/£1 UB40s & OAPs (accompanied children free): Jill Hughes, NALGO, 17 Highfield Road, NW11. 01-458 9211.**

4-8 JULY INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S BLOCKADE AT GREENHAM COMMON AIRBASE 'Arms are for Linking – together we can stop Cruise'. **Details: July 4 Action, Greenham Office, 5 Leonard Street, London EC2. 01-251 3133.**

3 JULY London Gala Variety Show in aid of The Samaritans National Appeal. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC1. Many famous names incl Glenda Jackson, Cleo Laine and John Dankworth, Michael Palin and Tim Brook Taylor. **Tickets and details: Beth Porter 01-289 7458.**

29 JULY-9 AUGUST Women for Life on Earth Star Marches 1983. London to Greenham: **Details 01-699 6712/01-701 4566.** Marches will converge on Greenham from all over the country on Hiroshima Day, 6 August. **For details of other marches: London Greenham Office: 5 Leonards Street, EC2 01-251 3133.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Conference

END
EUROPEAN NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

EUROPE

END Supporters Conference at Peers School, Littlemore, Oxford 2/3 July 1983

NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT Britain and Europe after the elections. Forum/Workshops

For information contact END
227 Seven Sisters Rd, London N4 2DA
Tel. 01-272 1236

THEATRE

BLOOMSBURY 01-387 9629
Gordon Street WC1
21-25 June, 7pm
Abbey Opera
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
by Benjamin Britten
From 27 June: Le Théâtré
Choréographique de Rennes

COMEDY 930 2578

STEAMING

from Theatre Royal, Stratford
Nell Dunn's first stage play
"laughter, hard truth and compassion" Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year '81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50-£6.50

Join our **FREE** mailing list. Send sae to Dept NS, **THEATRE DESPATCH**, 31 Shelton St., WC2H 9HT

Theatres

APOLLO VICTORIA. HOT LINES 01-828 8665, 01-834 0253, 01-834 6177.
TOPOL
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
RED PRICE PREVS TONIGHT, TOMORROW & MON. at 7.30. Mat. Sat. 2.30.
OPENS TUES. FOR 96 PERFS. Subs Evgs 7.30, Mats Thu. & Sat. 2.30. Group sales 01-379 6061. Party bookings 01-828 6188.

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, 24-hour info. 01-628 2295. Few day seats £4 from 10 a.m. S.
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
BARBICAN THEATRE – 'THE ROARING GIRL', Jacobean comedy by Middleton & Dekker, seats avail. 24-25 June, final perfs 8-12 July "Helen Mirren's wonderfully starry central turn" Punch. 'KING LEAR' seats avail. 27-28 June, final perfs 1-5 July 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING' few seats avail. 29-30 June, 13-16 July. Booking now open for new season – from 21 July 'CYRANO DE BERGERAC' by Rostand. THE PIT – seats avail. 'THE BODY' by Nick Darke 24-25 June, final perfs 8-12 July "A very powerful and very funny play . . . using elements of the theatre of the absurd" Kaleidoscope. Booking now open for new season – from 20 July 'TARTUFFE' by Moliere.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Lorenzaccio', 'Guys and Dolls'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'A Map of the World', 'The Trojan War will not take Place'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'One Woman Plays' (not suitable for children), 'Small Change'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE. EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines) cc groups 01-379 6061. **THE WELLS STAGE COACH** before and after show bus service, phone 80 for details.
Ample free parking after 6.30 p.m.
Until 2 July eves 7.30. Sat. mat. 2.30.
HOUSTON BALLET
See D. Press for prog. details.

GLC Peace Year 1983

THEATRE CENTRE

a multi-racial company – presents
NINETEEN EIGHTY THREE
a play about Cruise missiles
by David Holman
Until Tues., 28 June, 8 p.m.
Bridge Lane Theatre, Bridge Lane, SW11 – Box Office: 01-228 8828. Tickets: £2.50, concession £1.50
Wednesday, 29 June-Saturday, 2 July, 8 p.m. (+ Sat. matinee 5 p.m.), Half Moon Theatre, 213 Mile End Road, E1 – Box Office: 01-790 4000. Tickets: £2.50, concession £1.50; UB40 free.

GLC 268
Working for London and Peace

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards; S – Student standby.

Meetings

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE. Sunday talks on eastern thought and spirituality in London and Bourne End. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 50p. Details: Tel. 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 26 June 8 p.m. *Informal/QA meeting* 'Life, Sleep, Death', ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Personal

A CHARMING MAN, humorous and attractive (wellff), seeks pleasant relationship, with a lively lady up to 50. Box 6160.

ADVENTUROUS FEMALE companion sought, with view to low budget mountaineering, travel and gourmet eating in ridiculous and far out places, by sympathetic male (32), (all usual inteilectual interests between travels). Box 6172.

AFFECTIONATE, INTERESTED in almost everything except sport. Professional woman, 50s, attractive, unattached, 5ft 7in, non-smoker. Plays music at home a bit (not Albert Hall standard), would like to meet kind, cheerful man, with any of same characteristics. Box 6162.

ANALYTISCH ORIENTIERTE PSYCHOTHERAPIE von Deutscher in London niedergelassener Therapeutin. 01-888 0693.

ANXIOUS ABOUT privacy? Mail received, personal or business, with total confidentiality. £1.50 p.w. 'Answer & Receive', 21 Kensington Park Road, London W11. 01-229 1888 (you can collect, or we can readdress by arrangement).

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, PETITE woman, many interests, would like to meet intelligent, unattached male, 45-58, friendship, possibly marriage. Box 6159.

ATTRACTIVE, VIVACIOUS graduate woman, 45, solvent and separated, wishes to meet warm, interesting male companion (35-50), for music, theatre, cinema, walking, politics, conversation, eating out. Box 6158.

ATTRACTIVE, WELL educated, lively lady, 57, seeks male friend. London/Brighton. Box 6178.

BONNIE LASS, bright, 30, seeks likely lad! She has many interests and hates nicotine. Any offers? Box 6142.

COLD pastorals. Lively Bristol nymph, 30s, seeks congenial swain, to share rose-gardens, picnics, travel and other worldly pleasures. Box 6180.

COUNTRY DOCTOR, male, early 30s, divorced, political, athletic and intellectual, wishes to contact/meet eligible, slim, professional lady. Reply in confidence to Box 6181.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DECORATIVE LADY, educated, fiftyish, div. (not 'marriage-seeking'), desires friend, similar age-/younger. Box 6156.

DOCTOR, 44, shy, lonely, would like to meet woman, for fun and friendship/marriage. Berkshire area. Box 6154.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £45 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

EDUCATED GENTLEMAN, early 60s, London, 5ft 6in, sincere, lover of good music, would like to meet unattached lady, 45-60, with similar interests and characteristics, for companionship, possibly marriage. Box 6153.

ELECTION-SHOCKED academic, mid-fifties, latterly independent, usual interests arts, travel, pleased to meet congenial, ironic female, London/East Midlands. Box 6183.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Arts graduate (female, 47), seeks interesting, cultured (unattached) male companion. You? Box 6150.

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE to official British Nudist Beaches. Price £3. WWML Books, 8 Newark House, Roundhill Street, Bradford, Yorks.

INDIAN COMPUTER programmer (m.), wants to marry from Europe, America, Australia. B. Vijayasoori, Dilkush, Nanthencode, Trivandrum, Kerala, S. India.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

LONDON/ESSEX, living men not macho/gay interested in meeting, attractive, positive woman in thirties? Photo appreciated. Box 6176.

Personal

LOVING, LOYAL woman, forties, seeks caring, steadfast man, to be happy with. Box 6161.

MALE GRADUATE, 36, seeks amusing female companion, similar age, Manchester. Box 6157.

MALE LECTURER, 50, 6ft tall, Scot, London-based, sensitive, caring, interests: the arts, left-wing politics, humanistic psychology. Seeks warm lady, with similar values. Box 6175.

MARRIAGE SOUGHT by West Sussex male (31), to female (any age), who neither has, nor wants to have, children. Long letter, photo s.a.e. appreciated. Box 6177.

MILITANT TENDENCY. Journalist writing book on subject wants to interview former members. Box 6179.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

QUITE ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, practical, sensual SW London woman, still seeks literate, virile man, of sense and sensibility, preferably 50ish. Marriage not necessarily objective but please no husbands unless definitely separated. Box 6129.

SCANDINAVIA'S LEADING correspondence magazine read in 100 countries, £2.50. Penfriends (NS), 45 Sandringham Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3RZ.

SCIENTIST, AUTHOR, Ph.D., 42, creative, artistic, outdoor interests, Christian, liberal sympathies, seeks thoughtful, educated, warm, non-smoking woman for caring, sharing relationship. Oxford area. Box 6182.

THE BATES Method for better sight. Taught by Mr Attenborough. 01-874 7337.

Personal

LONELY?

Then use the **NS PERSONAL COLUMN!** Lonely Hearts ads receive an average of 20 replies, often many more, from like-minded people. It's still one of the cheapest and safest ways of meeting your ideal partner.

NO PRICE INCREASE IN 1983 FOR LONELY HEARTS in Personal.
You can still **ADVERTISE FOR AS LITTLE AS £5.20.**

Events

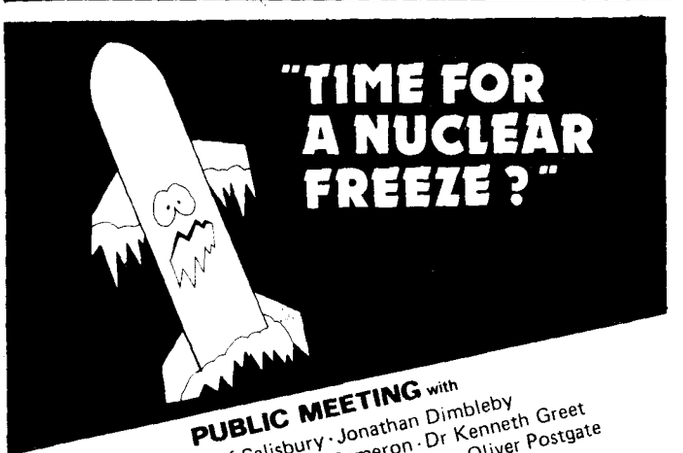
MARX WITH SPARX

A DAYLONG EXTRAVAGANZA OF POLITICS, CULTURE AND FUN.
SATURDAY 25 JUNE, ALEXANDRA PALACE LONDON N22, 10 am to 10 pm.

STAR ATTRACTIONS INCLUDE: ***RIP, RIG and PANIC, KABBALA, JOHN COOPER-CLARKE*** *BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH, FLYING PICKETS, BOYS OF THE LOUCH, 7.84.*

Plus a rally sponsored by Tribune and Morning Star with Arthur Scargill (NUM), Prem Singh (IWA), Gordon McLennan (CP) and Judith Hart (LP) in their personal capacities, with speakers from the peace movement.

Tickets are available from all Keith Prowse agencies, credit card bookings phone 01-836 2184. £4 adult, £1 children under 14. More details and tickets for the unwaged (£2), from Marx With Sparx, 16 St John Street, London EC1M 4AY. Telephone 01-251 4406



PUBLIC MEETING with
Bishop of Salisbury · Jonathan Dimbleby
Brigadier Harbottle · James Cameron · Dr Kenneth Greet
Lord Brockway · Professor Frank Barnaby · Oliver Postgate
Wednesday 6 July 7.30pm
Central Hall Westminster Matthew Parker St. SW1
World Disarmament Campaign & United Nations Association
FREE ADMISSION

The Nuclear Freeze could gain widespread support as a first step towards global disarmament. The WDC is promoting the Freeze through advertising, leaflets and public meetings. Please contact us for further information.
You can support the Freeze Campaign by sending a donation to: WDC Peace Education Fund,
World Disarmament Campaign,
238 Camden Road, London NW1 9HE

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED